In me lux
MORALIA
FACVM EMBLEMATA
LIGHTS
MORALL EMBLEMS
Authore
Roberto Farlæo
Scoto-Britanno
Sic luceat lux vestra
Michaël Spark

MORALIA
RERVM EMBLEMATA

Edinburgi
Excudebat Robertus Waldegrave
Typographus Regius.
M. DC. XII.

637.b.41
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S Howlett

LYCHNOCAVSIA
sive
MORALIA FACVM EMBLEMATA.

R.2750.

LIGHTS
Morall Emblems.

Authore *Roberto Farlæo* Scoto-Britanno.

Sic luceat lux vestra & cet.

Farley

LONDON,
Printed by *Tho. Cotes*, for *Michael Sparke Iunior*, and are to be sold at the blue Bible in *Greene Arbor*, 1638.

Lychnocausiam, sive Moralia hæc facum
mblemata perlegi, & digna judico qua
luce à typis acceptâ publicentur.

Feb. 10. 1638. Tho. Wykes R. P.
Episc. Lond. Capell. domest.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

NOBILISSIMO ET

Illustrissimo Domino omnifariæ

Virtutis & Pietatis studiis

Ornatissimo,

Dom. *Roberto Kaio Comiti ab*

Ancram, &c.

Nobilissime Heros,

PRo temetario & inconsulto cēnseár, qui Tibi pietatis Hyperioni, Nobilitatis jubari, & omnigenæ virtutis Lampadi, faculas hasce, quæ lumine & splendore tuo obtuscabuntur, offero: Verum Clementia Tua & gratia, ut spero, veniam dabit; Aquilæ enim more ingenii mei fœtum exploro; qui si Solis radios sustinere possit; ut meum agnoscam & tollam, sin minus, ut spurium & nothum reiiciam.

Stellæ quæ Heliacè occidunt, Heliacè etiam oriuntur, eædemq; Sole longius remoto, nullum nisi a Sole mutuum Lumen ostendunt: tædulæ hæ nostræ, quæ ad vultum tuum propius accedentes tenebrarum instar caligant, simulac longius expatiatæ fuerint, scintillas, quas à te mutuas habent, mortalibus conspicuas præferent.

Ea est Solaris sideris benignitas, ut animalia, plantas & sublunaria quæque calore suo foveat;

tanta tua (Nobiliſſime Mæcēnas) ērga mē (alios præterēo innumeros benignitatem tuam expertos) communi clade deprehenſum, comitas & gratuitus favor extirit, ut non ſolum ingenium, ſed Genium & quicquid meum eſt tibi in perpetuum mancipatum profitear.

Dii Tibi ſi qua pios reſpectant Numina, grates
Perſolvent dignas———

Ergo ne ingratitudinis impiæ condemner, hoc licet tenue, ſincerum tamen, grati & devoti animi ſymbolum Nobilitati tuæ conſecro; Speroq; me, ſi non thure & hecatombis, farre tamen pio & ſtillâ, ut Deo, ſic tibi veræ Dei ſoboli litare poſſe.

Kare Caledonios inter digniſſime Divos,
Nobilitatis apex, & Pietatis Honos;
Chara Dei ſoboles, & Regi ſidus Achates,
Vnica muſarum cura, meumque decus.
Nam ſimul a vultu diſceſſit muſa ſereno
Noſtra Tuo, faciles tepperit uſque deos.
Oppida quum paſſim decimaret fontica febris,
Funderet & tetras Parca ſevera domos.
Pieridum quum turba gemens, triſtiſque fileret,
Eiicerentque ſacras clauſa *Lycæa* Deas.
Ad Te confugit triſtis mea muſa patronum,
In Terris ſenſit Te mea muſa deum.
Ergo Tibi ingentem dicit rediviva ſalutem,
Vitam, quam dederas, hanc vovet eſſe Tuam.
Mactus vive Heros annis & mactus honore,
Deliciæque ſoli, deliciæque poli.
Donec Cœlicolûm turmalibus additus, ipſum,
Quem colis hîc, cernas, ignis in arce, Deum.

Nobilitati Tuæ devotiſſimus.

Robertus Furlæus.

To the most Noble and Illustrious Lady, both for Nobility and Piety, as of Vertue a rare and peerlesse example, Lady *Anne Kare*, Countesse of *Ancram*.

THe Lizards eyes the face of man amazeth,
Looking on which the more and more it gazeth:
When I your heaven-infused graces view,
Madam, my sense amazed stares on You.
Heaven tempers so its gifts in You alone,
As that all graces seeme combin'd in one;
When I do homage to Nobility,
Straight on it doth reflect Your piety;
So earthly glory and that of heav'n begun
Makes You a glorious object like the Sunne,
Which darteth forth so many rayes of light,
As that they dazle this my scantling sight.
In You great *Iunos* stately majestie
Is fraught with Christian love and charity;
You have what vertues learn'd *Minerva* hath,
And for her *ægis*, you are arm'd with faith:
What's *Venus* beautie to Your sacred face,
Which is the Physiognomie of grace?
If for the golden apple there should be
A strife amongst the goddesses; To thee
Let *Paris* give it, so he surely shall
Please all the three, Your selfe being more than all.

Your Honours humble, and most devoted to serve you,
Robert Farlie.

To his friend the Author.

I Need not praise thy Booke: No more to tell,
Then that it Pictures hath, will make it sell:
Bookes gaudy, like themselves most do now buy,
Fine, trim, adorned Bookes, where they may spy
More of the Carvers than th' Authors skill,
And more admire the Pencill, than the Quill:
Pamphlets, whose Outsides promise, they may finde
What may their Eyes feede, rather than their minde:
Nay now adayes who almost doth behold,
One booke without a gaudy Liv'ry sold:
E'ne Poetry it selfe is at a stay,
For all it's Feet, if Carvers mak't not gay.

But as for this thy Worke (my Friend) Divine,
Which no pen worthily can praise, but thine,
It wants no Sculptill Art, to set it forth,
Twill fast enough away, with its owne worth.
Tis hard to say, whether the Muses traine,
Or else the Graces, most in thee doe raigne.
Thy Pen was well employ'd: bring it to sight,
Thy Phansie's Waighty, though thy subject's Light.
Who, that thee knowes not, ever would surmise,
That out of *Scotia* such Light should arise?
Goe forward, and the Muses so thee love
That thou a second *Buchanan* maist proove.

How subtile is thy stile! in holy Writ
How vers'd thou art! How fluent is thy wit!
About the Virgins Lamps, while thou dost toyle,
I'le say, thou hast not lost labour and oyle.
Fame shall here light her Torch, and thy name blaze
To after ages, which no time shall raze:
Thy Candle shall outshine the Sunne; it's rayes
Shall not obscure their Light, nor yet thy praise.
The purblind judgement of the Criticke rout
Shall never this extinguish without doubt;
To snuffe it with their censures them allow,
Twill brighter shine, they shall not it out blow.

John Hooper.

To the Author.

HEroes bright lampe, which she on *Sestus* strand,
Set up to be a marke, by which might land
Her lov'd *Leander*, when he croft the Sea
Of *Hellespont*; long since was out, and we
Onely enjoy its fame, the light is gone,
And tow'r is buried in oblivion.
Th' *Egyptian Pharos*, which was fam'd to be
The worlds seav'nth wonder, in obscurity
Lyes ruin'd, and that multiplicit light,
Once to the Marriners a Sunne by night,
Is now extinct; for 'tis decreed by fate,
What Art doth reare, that Time shall ruinate:
Nay holy Writ assures, at the last day
The starres shall fall from heaven, the sunne decay,
The Moone be turnd to blood, those which God made
First most resplendent lights, at last shall fade.
¶ But thy Lights most transcendent, can no hand
Of Time or Fate (which all things else hath scand,)
Put to these Lights an end, for these shall be
Bright shining Tapers to Eternity.

Christopher Drayton.

To the Author.

THat I may tell the world how I admire
Thy well-pend Flames; one sparke of that fire,
Which warmes thy learned breft, bestow on mee,
I, then a Poet, would dare speake of thee.
If I should write thy praise, when I have done
I hold a Candle to the flaming Sunne.
I thinke thy towring Muse a Starre hath reach'd;
Or else a Beame from bright Apollo fetch'd
To light each Taper by; for their pure flame
Doth well assure us, it from Heaven came.

William Povey.

To the Ingenious *Author*, on his *Latin* and *English* Morall *Emblems*.

TWo Lights within two severall Spheares were hurld,
In the divided *chaos* of the World,
When like an *Embryo* this whole Masse of Clay,
Before the *Fiat*, yet imperfect lay.
And being brought to birth, by him whose power
Hath all Eternity, and yet no how'r:
The day was subject to the Nobler light,
And to the lesser did obey the Night.
So in this Midwifery of wit, by Thee
Delivered, two lights, two Subjects be.
Thy nobler Roman stile to day-borne men
Children of Arts, directs thy Latin pen.
And that the duller ignorant might see,
They have a Mother-Moone begot by Thee.
Thine as Gods creatures serve to leade the way
To him that gave a night, succeeding Day.

Fra. Beedom.

In laudem doctissimi Authoris.

QVis hic refulgens aurea comâ nitor
Perstringit oculos? Phosphorus reddit diem
Scotiæ. Georgius Camænarum decus
Deusque cecidit, Hesperus docti chori:
Farlæe tu resurgis, & novum jubar
Promis renati Phosphori. Scotia tua
Iam nocte nullâ mœret, accendis faces
Cælo æmulas & prævias cælo, negas
Tenebras polo Arctoo, Camænarum decus
Deusque luces Phosphore docti chori.

Edw. Colemon.

Britanniæ Luminaria Magna.

Æternas licet quantumvis Persa flammas,
Vestalem ostenta Roma superba focum.
Jux occidit dudum in cineres flammaque focique,
Hæc secum Imperii vasta ruina trahit.
Transtulit in Nostram Numen duo Lumina Terram,
Solem Persarum, Romuleamque Deam.

Britaines Great Lights.

PErsia thy Eternall fire is come to nought,
The Vestals flame is spent, more than Rome thought.
Both fires are gone with Empires: Heav'n above
Gives light and power to them, who Heav'n doe love.
Into our Land two Lights are now transferr'd,
The *Persians* Sunne, *Romes* Vesta are inverr'd.

This Light shall endure.

Durabit Splendor.
ACADEMIA OXONIENSIS
FELI CITA TIS ET
SAPI ENT IÆ
This Light shall endure.

Oxonia.

VEsta tua est semper (Veneranda *Oxonia*) Βιβλος,
Quæ *vesta* a *stando* ritè vocanda fuit.
Divino hinc *triplicem* meruisti jure *Coronam*;
Lucis, non auri est illa *Corona triplex.*

GReat *Oxford*, Thine the Bible e're hath beene;
For firmely standing *Vesta* it is seene,
Hence threefold Crowne, Thou hast deserv'd by right;
That's not of Gold, but of Empyrean Light.

Cantabrigia.

DExtra tenet *Solem*, lustrat qui lumine mundum;
Lævaq; cœlestis *pocula* fundit aquæ.
Hæc *palmas* rigat astantes, quas pondera nulla
Frangunt, quæ victrix demeruere decus.

MY right hand holds the *Sunne*, my left doth show
The *Cup*, from which true light and Nectar flow;
These cherish so the *Palmas* of Victory,
That they are trophees of Eternity.

Propino vobis.

Drinke of this Cup.

To the Reader.

SInce Courteous Reader, this our course is one,
Well overtaken, you shall not passe alone:
You saile this sea of life, and so doe I;
Unto the Haven of Heaven we both doe hye;
But harke you, least in darkenesse we doe stray,
Here be some Lights for to direct our way:
Torches and Candles, and if the wind doe blow,
Here with a Lanterne safely we may goe;
Make use of these, untill you come to shore,
Where we shall have Heavens Light for evermore.

ROBERT FARLIE.

Sursum.
Vpward.

Morall Emblems.

I.

VX mea Cœleſtis ſurſum petit, hauſimus inde,
Fons ubi perpetuas luminis auget aquas.
Qualia in immenſum decurrunt flumina pontum;
Hauſerunt fontes unde fluenta ſuos.
Ponderat ad centrum terræ ceu labile ſaxum;
Emicat ad ſuperas ſic mea flamma domos.
Gaudia, deliciæq;, gulæ ſtudioſa voluptas,
Auri non animam pondera multa tenent.
Illa gules animæ eſt, ſurſum quæ ſemper anhelat,
Donec ad Authorem venerit illa ſuum.

MY light from whence it came, mounts ſtil on high
Vnto the ſource of light that's never dry.
Like as the Rivers to the Ocean runne,
From whence their ſecret fountaines firſt begun;
Like as the ſtone doth to the center ſway;
o the Spheres my light ſtill makes his way.
No joyes, delights, and greateſt weights of gold,
pampering pleaſure faſt our ſoule can hold.
panting ſoule reſts not, untill it ſee
maker God, a Tri-une Deitie.

Quo animula.

Whither my Soule.

2.

O Anima, an noſtri te tædet? quas petis oras?
Mene fugis? quæ ſit die mihi cauſa viæ?
Tu mihi jampridem conſors benè juncta fuiſti,
Et comes, et noſtri corporis hoſpes eras.
Quamdiu res ſteterat nobis, tu fida manebas;
Tempora nunc quia ſunt nubila, ſola fugis.
Hic captiva tuæ veluti cuſtodiæ adhæſi,
Et quà ducebas, ire coacta fui.
Exul eram patriâ; tandem cuſtode remoto,
Libera viſo meos, te pereunte, Lares.
¶ Corporis atque animæ vinclum divellitur ægrè;
Sed tamen ad cineres hoc redit, illa Polum.

AND loth'ſt thou me, my Soule, loving to goe
Elſewhere, I pray thee whither, let me know,
Was thou not all this while my deereſt mate,
My gueſt, my convoy, conſort in eſtate;
While I did floriſh, thou didſt conſtant prove,
My times are darkned now, ſo is thy love?
Here as a captive to a keeper, ſo
I tyed was with thee, at liſt, to goe,
Baniſht from home: loe now my bonds are looſe,
Thou dy'ſt, I glad runne to my fathers houſe.
¶ Soules bond with body hardly maketh breach
Yet this doth dye, and that Heav'ns dwelling reach.

Hinc mihi ſordes.

Hēnce commeth my filthineſſe.

3.

ra fui quondam aurieomi Titanis alumna,
Et purâ nitui virginitate putâ.
ior Eoæ gentis quam chara ſupellex,
Purior & flammis, clare pyrope, tuis.
ior & fulvo, flammâ explorante, metallo,
Quod jam ſepteno tempore flamma coquit,
poſtquam impuro malè ſum conjuncta marito,
Cœperunt ſordes illius eſſe meæ.
cilicet impurus temerat puriſſima tactus,
Vicinique lues inquinat ipſa mali.
poreis anima hæc ſimuleſt immerſa tenebris,
Incipit a puro degener eſſe polo.

Ometimes I was the brood of Gold'n-haird ſunne,
More pure, more chaſt, than *Veſta's* watchfull nunne,
rer than Eaſterne gemmes, than Saphirs bright,
rer than Ophirs gold, than Rubies light,
rer than Pactols gravell often try'd
fire, and furnace ſeven times purify'd:
t ſince the fates to greaſe did me combine,
is filthy dregges are judged to be mine:
For why conjunction doth contagion make,
nd from th'impure the pure infection take.
e ſoule once plung'd into the body darke,
rgets it was a chaſt and divine ſparke.

Quam numerosa Lux.

How great a Light.

4.

VNica fax poterit tenebras diſpellere noctis,
At referet clarum fax numeroſa diem.
Vnica ſic Solis Lampas nunc lumine mundum
Luſtrat, quà medium terminat axe polum.
Myriades Solum multæ ſi lumine terras
Spargere jam poſſint, quæ foret illa dies!
¶ Filius at Cœli, quando jus nube ſerenâ
Dicet, depoſitum reddere buſta jubens.
Corpora Sanctorum toties tot mille reſurgent,
Aurea quot purâ ſidera nocte micant.
Illa dies tantâ diſpellet luce tenebras,
Sentiat ut tenebras poſtea nulla dies.

ONe candle diſpels the darkeneſſe of the night,
And many doe reſemble *Phœbus* light:
One Sunne illightns the round globe every where,
What way th'horizon bounds the hemiſphere:
If you ten thouſand thouſand Sunnes ſhould ſee
At once, O what a day light would that be!
¶ When Chriſt amidſt the clouds our doome ſhall plead,
When Earth and Sea ſhall render up their dead
Saints more then ſtarres at once ſhall mount on hye.
As glorious Sunnes, to meete Chriſt in the skye.
That day ſhall drive away the darkeneſſe ſo,
That after that, no day ſhall darkeneſſe know.

Ille

Diogenis Lucerna.

Diogenes Lanterne.

5.

ILLe fuit cui pera ponus, cui dolia ſedes,
Nare ſagax, mores ruſticus, ore latrax.
Diogenes medio accenſâ ſub ſole lucernâ,
Rimatus ſanctum dicitur eſſe virum.
Explorant aquilæ pullos ad lumina ſolis,
Explorat mores fax taciturna hominum.
Namque diu perſonati, rectumque fidemque
Mentitâ præ ſe ſimplicitate ferunt.
Sed tacitæ nacti tranquilla ſilentia noctis,
Oſtendunt mores tunc, ſine fraude, ſuos.
Is felix, quem Sol, & quem fax vidit eundem,
Coram teſte probus, qui ſine teſte pius.

WHoſe purchaſe was his pouch, his houſe a tun,
Criticke of actions whatſoever done,
That learned dogge, at noone-tyde tinn'd his light,
Searching for one, whoſe actions were upright.
The Eagles young ones by the Sunne are try'd,
Mens actions by the lamp are beſt eſpy'd;
For men in day time maske with vizards goe
Of truth and faith making an outward ſhow.
But when they can nights ſecret ſilence find,
Before the lamp they doe unmaske their mind.
Happy is he whom Sunne and Lamp ſees one,
Who's honeſt ſtill, though witneſſe there be none.

Tollitur

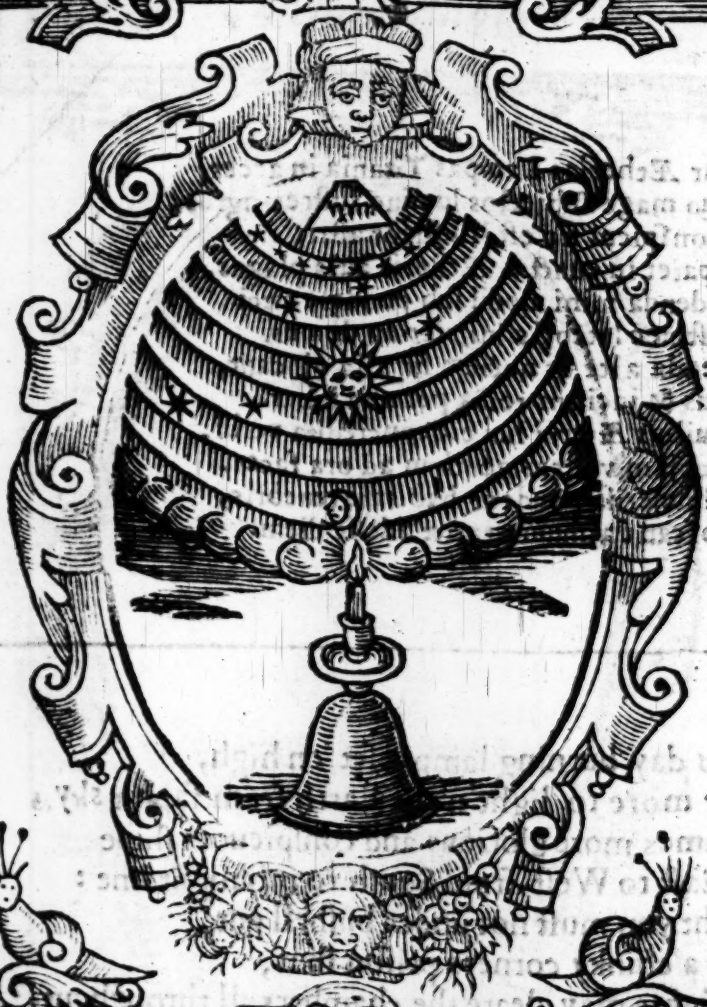
Non ſub Modio.
Not under a Buſhell.

6.

TOllitur Ætherias Lampas Titania in arces,
Quo magè ſubjectos lumine luſtret agros.
Gloria conſpicui ſic eſt illuſtrior aſtri,
Quà patet in cunctas Ætheris aula plagas.
Nec condenda mihi modii ſub pondere cæci
Lux eſt, nec latebris inijcienda domus.
Suſpendenda altè ut noctem funalia vincant,
Clarius & jaciant tecta per alta jubar.
¶ Vos quibus Æterni lux eſt concredita verbi,
Tollite jam veſtras gentium ad ora faces.
Ut qui Cimmeriis gaudent habitare tenebris,
Agnoſcant almum gratiæ adeſſe diem.

Titans day-burning lamp is ſet on high,
The more to light'n the Earth from ſaphir ſky;
His beames more glorious and conſpicuous ſhine
From Eaſt to Weſt, from South to midnight line:
My light you muſt not under buſhell put,
Nor in a chinky corners priſon ſhut;
That lights may cleare the chambers all throughout,
They muſt aloft be hanged round about.
¶ You holy Prieſts, to whom the word of light
Is truſt, advance your torches in the ſight
Of mortals, ſhew them who in darkeneſſe dwell,
The narrow way that leads to Heaven, from Hell.

Parvis componere magna.



To compare ſmall with great things.

7.

LVX mea si exhilarat taciturna silentia noctis,
Obscuri lustrans gaudia cuncta laris.
Aurea si Phœbi, si lux argentea Lunæ
Hæc noctem jubare illuminat, ille diem.
Quanta erit Empyreæ lux non effabilis aræis,
Quum cernent ipsum lumina nostra Deum.
Tu citius poteris dextrâ comprendere mundum,
Et conchâ excipias vitrea stagna maris;
Dicere quam poteris, quæ lucis gloria Cœlo est,
Quæ solem obscurat, sydera, & omne jubar.
Hoc tantum dicas; non lux est aurea Phœbi,
Non Phœbes lux est, stelliferæq; domus.
Sed quam lingua nequit, quam mens describere lucem
Cernes: Æternus lux erit illa Deus.

IF thus my light nights sable silence glads,
Making a cheerefull roome in midnight shads,
If Gold'n-like *Phœbus* and his silver sister,
He in the day, shee in the night doth glister;
What thought-surpassing light then shall that be,
When we in Heaven Empyrean God shall see?
Sooner thou canst the world hold in thy hand,
Or in a shell containe the glassie strand;
Than tell how glorious is the light of Heaven,
That dark'ns the Sunne, Moone, Stars, and Planets seven:
This onely tell: it is not *Phœbus* light,
Nor *Phœbes*, nor the spangles of the night:
That light which tongue cannot, nor mind descry,
Once shalt thou see, a supreame Diety.

Lux

Sola Lux mihi laus.

Onely Light is my praise.

g;

LVx anima eſt faculæ Cœleſti e ſemine ducta,
Pingueq; pro fragili corpore ſumen habet.
Dædala quod gnari pictoris dextera fucat,
Cœruleum flammis addit & arte, decus.
Nil pigmenta juvant, ſolus ſed luminis uſus,
Laudat; ad hunc finem lux fabricata fuit.
¶ Mens eſt mortali vitam quæ ſola beatam
Efficit, & ſobolem nos probat eſſe poli.
Quid bona Fortunæ, quid avitæ gloria gentis;
Corporis & robur, forma decuſq; juvant?
Mens niſi ſit ratione potens, atq; Æthere nata,
Corpus & hoc noſtrum Spiritus intus alat.

LIght is the Torches life of heavenly kind,
Thus to a fraile and greaſie maſſe combind,
To which the Painter beauty doth impart,
Giving it gloſſe and colour from his Art.
The painting's nought, light doth the Torch commend
Which firſt was framed onely for this end.
¶ It is our mind that doth our life approve,
Shewing our race derived from above.
Blind Fortunes goods, kins generoſity
Youths ſtrength, and beauties curioſity
Make not, unleſſe the ſpirit doe us ſeaſon
With that Heav'n-bred ſparkle of divine reaſon.

Parce, aliàs fruere.

Spare me now, enjoy me hereafter.

9.

GRata tibi mea lux, quando nox ingruit atra,
Et replent tacitas nubila cæca domos.
Sive juvat doctæ vigilem fuligo lucernæ,
Seu ductrix penſi ſedula poſcit anus.
Pervigil occiduo ſum ſuccedanea Phœbo,
Donec pernoctem deſtatione vocat.
¶ Parcito jam noſtræ lucis dare fœnora Soli,
Sæpius & lucro tu potiere meo.
Si tenuis fuerit tibi res, huic parce ſubinde,
Inſtar & Attalicæ conditionis erit.

MY Light is pleaſant, when the night doth gloome,
And pitchy darkeneſſe lines the mourning roome;
Whither thou liſts *Cleanthes* ſmoake to blow,
Or if the Matron like to twiſt her tow.
When *Phœbus* ſetteth, I watch centenall
Vntill he from my ſtation doth me call.
¶ Spare me, lend not my light to *Titans* ray;
So ſhalt th'enjoy me when there is no day.
If thy eſtate be meane, husband it well,
And it *Attalick* wealth ſhall parallell.

Vita Mihi Mors.
My Life is my Death.

10.

QVatuor in noſtrō regnant primordia rerum
Corpore, diſcordi conſociata jugo.
Omnia ut ad noſtram veniunt concordia lucem,
Non minus ad noſtram ſunt & amica necem.
Terra ſtruit pyram, flammæ me præparat aer,
Naturæ flammam vis fovet uda meam.
Non niſi conſumor, do lucem; luce liqueſco;
Lux eadem vitæ cauſa neciſq; meæ.
Iâpetonidæ culpa hæc, qui lumen Olympi
Mortali poterat conſociare luto.
¶ Corporis & noſtri nativus deficit humor,
Innato ſuccus quando calore perit.
Vivendo morimur, moriendo vivimus: ipſa
Quæ lucem donat, dat quoque vita necem.

FOure Elements in this my body are
All yockt in one, yet ever ſtill at warre;
As all agree to nouriſh this my light
So to my ruine they combine their might:
Aire maketh way for flame, Earth builds a pyre,
My moiſture feeds the ſtill conſuming fire.
Still as I ſhine by light, by light I dy,
As cauſe of life, ſo of mortality,
It was *Prometheus* fault who ſtole away
Heav'ns fire, and joyn'd it to his mortall clay.
¶ Moiſture doth heat, and heat doth moiſture quale,
That dryes our body, this makes it dampe and fraile,
That which doth give, doth likewiſe ſpend our breath;
The firſt of being, is firſt houre of death.

Mihi noceo, alijs prosum.

I do good to others, I hurt my self

II.

FOEneror hanc aliis lucem, consumor & ipsa,
Augeo quæ damnis lucra aliena meis.
Pernocti vigiles quot duco lumine noctes?
Sæpius in prima Lux mea luce perit.
Aeriis quoties fio ludibria flabris,
Prævia per cæcas ire coacta vias.
Siquid sit turbæ, furvæ & grassatio noctis,
Ad me itur; vitæ sum malè parca meæ.
Discere quod nequeunt hominum pars maxima, discam;
Auxiliari aliis, ipsa nocere mihi.
Lex est, naturæ sed lex contraria nostræ,
Omnes quæ memores admoneat esse sui.
¶ Impiger hostiles trudens se Codrus in enses,
Profuerat patriæ, prodigus ipse animæ
Pascit & implumes anima Pelicanus alumnos,
Incolumes servat pastor & æger oves.
Mortaliq; suam gaudens profundere vitam
Ipse Deus passus, ne pateretur homo, est.

WHilst I give light to others, I decay;
I lose my selfe, whilst I to others play:
I watch all night with an unsleepy eye,
And oft, before the day doth dawne, I dye:
How oft am I by blustering *Boreas* mockt,
And lightning others, I my selfe am choakt;
If tumult, or a night assailing be,
I am employ'd, no rest, no peace for me:
What most of men neglect, that I observe,
To succour others, though my selfe should starve:
A Law but not of nature, which directs
All of themselves to have the prime respects.
¶ *Codrus* the King, his Country to defend,
Much like a Prodigall his life did spend;
The Pelican to feede her plumelesse brood,
Doth lance her breast, and straine her purest blood,
The watchfull sheepherd seldome seizing sleepe,
Directs, and keepes from wolves his straying sheepe:
Even Christ himselfe, the Sonne of the most Hie,
Did suffer death, least mortall man should die.

Aut ſplendore aut ſitu conſumor.
Either by Light or mouldines I die.

12.

HInc me Scylla rapit, premit hinc me dira Charybdis,
Ambiguiq; urget vis necitura mali.
Ocia blanda sequens, carie & rubigine cercâ
Consumor multo debilitata situ.
Sin radiis nitidas lustro rutilantibus ædes,
Extinguor flammis mox liquefacta meis.
Durum; sed levius reddit patientia: lucem
Expeto, quâ splendens utilis esse queam.
¶ Plena laboriferis sunt vitæ tempora curis,
Enervant animos ocia dira leves.
Hæc intemperiem generant, & robora frangunt,
Aſt curæ mentes anxietate necant.
Sed tamen est melius mediâ quam vivere sorde,
Virtutis claro lumine posse mori.

NAture propounds a dilemme, chuse I must,
Either to dye by light, or rot by rust:
If I seeke ease and rest, then lasinesse
Doth me consume with mouldy hoarinesse,
But if I love to shine with glorious ray,
Then by my flames in teares I melt away.
Patience doth light'n this evill: I wish to live
In glorious light, and light to others give,
¶ This life is worne out with laborious toile,
And slothfull rest doth minde and body spoile;
But yet it's better for to dye a sparke,
Than like a laizie moule to live in darke.

Sedula

Sic perire miſerum eſt.
So to dye is miſerable.

13.

SEdula de pingui me dextra liquamine finxit
Artificis, luci ut tæda parata forem.
Jamq; mihi reſtat rutilas aſſumere flammas,
Quando opportuni temporis hora vocat.
Ecce ruunt mures cœci e penetralibus antri,
Turbaq; me multò ſtridula dente petit.
Ante diem morior, nondum cui vivere ceſſit;
Fœdaq; dentati ſoricis eſca cado.
Do lacrymas moriens, nunc indefleta recumbo;
Nulla, vel hæc fati ſors peracerba mei.
Sic cadit in cœcis uteri penetralibus infans,
Qui nullum vidit Solis, in orbe, jubar.
Sic immaturis juvenum ſpes occidit annis,
Quæ poterat longas emeruiſſe dies.

THe Crafts-man did me of pure tallow frame,
And made me fit to nouriſh heav'ns flame;
One thing remain'd, that I ſhould take with fire,
When ſeaſon due, and fit houre doth require:
Loe how the rats catching me all alone,
With enviousteeth my body ceaſe upon;
I dye before my day, they life prevent;
Before I live, my liveleſſe body's ſpent:
I dying could with teares my death bemoane,
But this untimely death doth yeeld me none.
The infant ſo oft doth it ſelfe entombe,
Before it ſee the day, in mothers wombe.
So by untimely death youths hope decayes,
Which might have well deſerved many daies.

Quum

Fessa tibi nunc Lampada trado.

I weary, give my Light to thee.

14.

QVum mihi pingue foret viſcoſo in corpore ſumen,
Alma renidentis lucis alumna fui.
Hora ſed in tenues tandem me diſſipat auras,
Ad fungi cineres Lux mea tota redit.
Ecce meam defeſſa tibi nunc Lampada trado,
Inq; vicem vires experiere tuas.
Sic cedit perſona alii, vacuamq; relinquit
Scenam, quum partes egerit ille ſuas.
Rex ſceptri vitæq; ſimul defunctus honore,
Deponit ſoboli ſceptra tuenda ſuæ.
Emeritus, fato & fractus poſt vulnera miles
Cedit, & exercet ſtrenuus arma tyro.
¶ Felix tranſactæ vitæ quem veſpera laudat,
Et lauri æterno gloria honore beat.

WHen that my clammy ſubſtance was entire,
I was an earthly nurſe of heav'n-bred fire;
Now envious time doth me in aſhes turne
And to a tedious ſnuffe my light doth burne:
Loe I have done, take thou this light of mine;
I yeeld, doe what thou canſt, the turne is thine.
So the Comedian having plaid his ſhare,
Gives place to others, who then actors are:
A King his weighty office having done,
Dying tranſfers his Scepter to his ſonne:
When that the craſie Souldiers ſtrength doth faile,
The younger muſt the enemy aſſaile.
¶ Happy is he the evening of whoſe daies
Doth crowne his death with ever-living bayes.

Pauper

Nec minor est mea lux.

My Light is not the lesse.

15.

NOn minor est gurges vitreis circumfluus undis,
Exonerans sese in stagna fluenta, lacus.
Nec minor Ætherii lux ardentissima Solis;
Innumeros quamvis lumine lustrat agros.
Magnetis ferro visq; impertita sodali
Huic, illi; tamen est non minor ipsa sibi.
Sic mea multiparo varias lux lumine tædas
Accendens, lucem mutuat, haud minuit.
¶ Hæc Sophiæ natura, sui quæ prodiga semet
Communem, salvâ ast integritate, facit.
Sic melius dixere bonum communius, omnes
Gratia participes sic volet esse sui.

THe glassie gulfe joyn'd with Earths globe in one
Gives waters to the rivers, looseth none:
The Sunne that makes so many glorious dayes,
Doth loose no light, and still he wast's his rayes:
The Loadstone to the iron gives vertue rare,
And yet no wayes his owne he doth impaire:
So this my torch can give to others light,
And still, as is his wont, shine perfect bright.
¶ Thus Divine Wisdome doth communicate
Her selfe, that others may participate.
The good more common better is, and grace
Wisheth, all were partakers of her case.

Perdita Jnvenio.

I finde things loſt.

16.

PAuper anus tenuem noctis caligine drachmam
Perdit, quæ parvæ ſpes erat una rei.
Sedula mox properat ſplendentem accendere lychnũ,
Et lento nitidam verrere faſce domum.
Eruit hanc latebris; inventaq; gratior illi eſt :
Quam fuerat Phrygio gaza ſuperba ſeni.
¶ Ex quo Cimmeriis Divinæ particula auræ
Corporis in cæco carcere merſa latet;
Vera jacet tenebris amiſſa ſcientia rerum,
Quæ ſuperat largas Pygmalionis opes.
Ergo Cleanthæ Lux accendenda lucernæ eſt;
Sic animi amiſſas inveniemus opes.

THe carefull Matrone in her cell below,
Let fall a groat, yet where ſhe did not know:
Forthwith ſhe tinnes a Light, then with her broome
She neatly ſweepes the corners of the roome.
Thus from the duſt and darkeneſſe when ſhe finds it,
More than the Phrygian Midas wealth ſhe mindes it.
¶ Our ſoule a divine ſparke ſince that it fell
Into Cimmerian darkeneſſe of this cell,
The ſoules true knowledge doth appeare no more
Which goeth beyond *Pygmalions* richeſt ſtore,
Then muſt we light *Cleanthes* Lamp and find
By ſtudy, the loſt treaſure of our mind.

Phosphore redde diem.

O Morning Starre ſhew forth day.

17.

HEsperias postquam Phœbus descendit in undas,
Occidua & merso littora sole rubent.
Accendor clari nocturna vicaria Phœbi,
Et successivas sedula præsto vices.
Lux mea jam queritur consumptos corporis artus,
Et minuit sumen stiria multa meum.
Cedere sic cogor; reduces jam vertito currus
Phœbe, orbi clarum Phosphore redde diem.
¶ Christus sol mundi, postquam remeavit ad oras
Empyreas, scandens vitrea regna poli.
Tunc sanctos jussit lucem præferre ministros,
Gratiæ ut in cœco pareat orbe dies.
At postquam hi senio fracti, vigiliq; labore
Incipiunt fessis artubus esse graves.
Lampada tunc animæ tradunt, optantq; vicissim,
Vt possit clarâ surgere nube Deus.

WHen *Phœbus* sets in the Hesperian streames
And Westerne shores blush with his drowned beames;
Then I as *Phœbus* second must give Light,
And act my part in darkenesse of the night:
But now my Light complaines that I decay,
And into greasie teares doe melt away;
So I am forst to yeeld. O turne thy teame
Phœbus, and *Phosphor* shew thy morning beame.
¶ When Christ the Sonne of righteousnesse did goe
Vnto his Heavenly mansions from below
Then he his holy servants did command,
Conspicuous to the world, like lights, to stand;
But when they faile with watching, toile, and age,
And now are ready to goe off the stage,
Then up they yeeld the light of life and cry;
O come thou Sonne of righteousnesse, we die.

Video & Taceo.

I ſee all and ſay nothing.

18.

SÆpe mihi noctis credunt arcana silentis,
Quæq; solent clarum furta latere diem
Martis adulterium Sol toti ostendit Olympo,
Prodidit & versis crimina Phœbus equis;
Est mihi non temerata fides; quæ conscia cerno,
Hæc taceo Conso tutior una Deo.
¶ A me mortales taciturna silentia discant,
Ne lædant sanctam garrulitate Fidem.

IN secret silence of the night what's done
Is trust to me, concealed from the Sunne
Phœbus did *Mars* and *Venus* love betray,
And turning backe did greater crimes bewray:
What I doe see when witnesse is asleepe,
That like *Harpocrates* I closely keepe.
¶ Let mortals learne to rule their tongue by me,
What lawfull secret they doe heare or see.

Lucentem metuiſtis.

You feared me whilſt I ſhined.

19.

DVM mea candenti radiaret lumine flammâ,
Et jubari lampas æquiparanda forem.
Illustrem fecit me splendor, flamma verendum,
Invidiosa aliis, & metuenda fui.
Sed postquam mea lux torpenti emortua fungo est,
Et tenebræ radios occuluere meos
Torpeo truncus iners, tutam munimine nullo
Me rodunt glires, quam metuere, facem.
¶ Invidiamq; metumq; simul mortalibus adfert
Gloria, majestas numine tuta suo est.
At postquam dominum fallax fortuna reliquit,
Præda nec armati pumilionis erit.

WHen as my Light much like an ev'ning starre,
Did cast his glittering beames both neare and farre;
Then light me glorious, flame me dreadfull made,
And none injuriously durst me upbraide;
But when my Light into a snuffe did turne,
And cloth'd with darkenesse, I did cease to burne,
Loe how without defence I naked stand,
Thus torne and rent by this devouring band.
¶ Glory, as envy, so it terrour lends
To Mortals: Majesty it selfe defends;
But after treacherous Fortune flies away,
To an unarmed dwarfe its made a prey.

Fruſtra me extinguis

In vaine thou putteſt me out.

20.

ILLicitum molire nefas; me teſte vereris
Aggredi, & indicium ſuſpicis uſq; meum.
Extincta jam me ſperas te poſſe latere,
Et ſine teſte tibi cuncta licere putas.
Falleris; in cœcis Lux eſt divina tenebris,
Quæ luſtrat Stygii tecta verenda Iovis.
Sed tu talpa Dei non ſpectas lumen, & atrâ
Non potis es medium cernere nocte diem.
Poſtmodo ſed cernes, quum Lux ſuprema favillam
Accendet, quæ nunc corpore merſa latet.
Ergo quicquid agis, tu præſens ſuſpice numen,
In tenebris crede & cernere cuncta Deum.

THou goeſt about miſchiefe and ſtill doſt feare,
Leaſt this my light 'gainſt thee ſhould witneſſe beare;
So having put me out thou think'ſt to worke
Thy will, and yet in ſecret ſtill to lurke.
¶ Thou art deceiv'd, the darkneſſe of this cell
Containes a light, that ſees the loweſt hell.
But thou a Want, canſt not perceive this light,
Neither diſcerne Sun-ſhine from cloudy night.
Then ſhalt thou ſeeit, when the Diety
Shall kindle that ſparke which in thy breaſt doth ly.
What e're thou doſt, looke to that Light which made
All Lights, and ſhines as day in midnight ſhade.

Hine

Cito consumar necesse est.
So I must needs be quickly consumed.

21.

Inc & hinc me flamma vorax conſumit, utrinq;
Flagrat ad exitium Lux geminata meum.
Vidit ardentes, velut Iſthmus, dextera flammas,
Conſulat utq; mihi, vix cavet ipſa ſibi.
Sino nam tacta malo, conſorſq; pericli eſt,
Dum coiens cogit cedere flamma manum.
Dilapidet ſi forte gulâ bona cuncta maritus,
Vxor & in mundum deſtruat illa ſuum;
Inc & hinc diſcerpta redit ſors omnis ad aſſem,
Pœnitet & ſerò dilaceraſſe penum.
Quod ſi fortunas dextrâ fulcire ruentes
Et cupiat fluxas ſiſtere amicus opes.
Viſam perdens operam vix tutus abibit,
Namq; in eum virus vertit uterq; ſuum.
Ope malas dirimens lites malè plectitur inſons,
Vertit & iratas in ſua damna manus.

I Am conſumed with devouring fire,
Whilſt Vulcane gainſt me doubles thus his ire:
The hand, much like an Iſthme, doth ſeparate
The flames, and doth it ſelfe præcipitate
Into open danger, thewing ſo its love,
The ſcorching flames compels it to remove.
A thriftleſſe husband if he ſpend his ſtate,
And ſo the wife loving to goe too neat;
Their ſtocke and meanes quickely goes to decay,
And late repentance comes, when all's away.
But if a friend their ruine would prevent,
And ſtay their falls; be ſure he ſhall beſhent:
He loſing labour ſcarce ſhall harmeleſſe goe,
They both againſt him turne their malice ſo.
Oft times who parteth quarrels and debate,
Againſt himſelfe doth turne the parties hate.

Lux mea tibi tenebræ.
My light is darknes to thee.

22.

VX mea per totas rutilans quæ ſpargitur ædes,
Exhilarans homines, ignicolaſq; Lares.
Il niſi Cimmerias præfert tibi, cœce, tenebras;
Culpa tua eſt; caſſus lumine nulla vides.
ernere talpa nequit Solem, dum luce coruſcat;
Et nullum caſſus lumine, lumen habet.
Chriſtus vera Dei Lux, Sol puriſſimus orbi eſt,
Detegit & radiis nubila cuncta ſuis.
ernimus haud tamen hoc lumen, niſi numine pandat
Hos oculos, quos jam nox tenebroſa premit.
c ad nos Chriſti Lux derivata, reflectit
In proprium, radio multiplicante, jubar.

MY ſplendor with his bright and Sun-like ray,
D oth cheere the houſe, and darkeneſſe chaſe away;
o thee wh'art blind, I'm darke as ſable night,
t's thy default, not mine; thou lak'ſt thy ſight.
he Moule cannot *Hyperions* glory ſee;
Who want their eyes, no comfort have by me.
Chriſt is the glory of that light from hie,
Which can the darkeſt Chaos full deſcry;
nd yet we ſee him not untill our eyes
e open, which thickeſt darkneſſe doth ſurpriſe;
hen doth his light unto himſelfe reflect
rom us as mirrours, with a new aſpect.

Tenebræ mihi famam.
Darkneſſe addeth glory to me.

23.

Gloria nulla foret faculæ, niſi furva tenebris
Involvat mundum nox taciturna ſuis.
Stella polo quum nulla micat, quum cornua Phœbe
Condit, & obſcuro ſidere cuncta latent.
Frigora condenſant tenuem vicina calorem,
Splendidiuſq; nitet, nocte ſilente, jubar.
Quò magis eſt noctis caligo obſeſſa tenebris,
Hòc lumen tædæ clarius eſſe ſolet.
¶ Obvia ſi adverſis ponas contraria rebus,
Obſeſſis pugnant viribus illa magis.
Virtuti confer vitium; ſplendebit utrumq;,
Clarius hinc paret dedecus, inde decus.

NO glory could I ſhew, wer't not the night
In ſable clouds did mantle up heavens light.
When ſtarres are vail'd, and *Phœb'* her hornes doth hide,
Laying her creſſet and attire aſide.
The more nights fogge doth maske the ſpangled ſphesre,
The more in darkeneſſe doth my Light appeare;
Nights foggy cold doth make my flame more ſtrong,
And light's more glorious pitchy clouds among.
¶ If you together contraries paralell,
By contrary oppoſition they excell.
Vertue compare with vice; and you ſhall ſee,
This ſhew his glory, that his infamie.

Nunc

Magis conſumor minus luceo.

I am conſumed more and ſhine leſſe.

24.

NVnc importunis Boreas me flatibus urget;
Flat, ceu fornacis flamma cienda foret.
Fallitur, in tenues lucem mihi diſſipat auras;
Sic conſumpta magis, luceo clara minus.
Ipſe operam perdit Boreas, oleumq; ego perdo,
Impar congreſſus viribus eſtq; meis.
¶ Non ſi tardigradus ſtimulo fodiendus aſellus,
Nobilibus ſtimulos ſubdere oportet equis.
Aonidum proles non eſt laceranda flagello;
Plumbea gens iſto eſt erudienda modo.
Sunt certæ vires rerum & tranquilla facultas,
Quas urgens nimiâ ſedulitate necas.

NOw *Boreas* puffing in his boiſtrous ire
Blows as he were to kindle *Vulcans* fire:
He doth undoe me by his churliſhneſſe,
I am conſumed more, and ſhine the leſſe:
He ſpends his labour, ſo I loſe mine oyle,
As no wayes fit to undergoe ſuch toyle.
¶ You beat the Aſſe lingring under his load,
The generous Horſe deſerveth not a goad;
The Muſes ſonnes cannot away with laſhes,
Which are more ſtrung for *Arcadian* aſſes.
Each ſtrength within his limits, Nature bounds,
Which who ſo paſſeth, Nature he confounds.

Nocitura peto.

I seeke mine hurt.

25.

Vreus hanc lucis ſplendor trahit æmulus aſtris,
Neſcit at infeſtas eſſe calore faces.
fraudes incauta ruit; ſplendoris amore
Dum capitur, flammæ carpitur igne gravi.
Splendida purpureo turget quæ gloria amictu,
Fulget in excelſo conſpicienda loco.
nvidioſa ſimul, cunctiſque optabilis ardet;
Aſt miſerâ ſtultos improbitate necat.
ollit, ut a ſummo deturbet culmine; lætas
Cum miſeris mutat gloria vana vices.
cariæ vitreo natarunt æquore pennæ,
Phœbo vicinas ſollicitando vias.
Dum Phaeton capitur currus ſplendore paterni,
Eridani in medias decidit uſtus aquas.
Tuta ſatis non ſunt Phœbæis proxima flammis,
Audent auricomum ſi temerare jubar.

Lights ſtarre-like ſplendor doth allure this flye,
Not knowing that ſhe may be burnt thereby:
Thus whilſt ſhe kindled with a great deſire
Of Light, loe how ſhee dies in flaming fire.
Glory in purple robes is ſet on hie,
Envious to many, lovely to the eye:
But many times glory doth fooles undoe,
Whilſt, without wit and reaſon, they it wooe:
It raiſeth them that with the greater fall,
It may them overthrow and cruſh withall.
Whilſt *Icarus* ſoares to *Hyperions* beames,
He headlong fals into th' *Icarian* ſtreames;
And *Phaeton* daring for to rule the day,
Was thunder-beate, and burnt with *Phabus* ray.
We nearer to the Sunne more glorious are,
If of the ſcorching rayes we be aware.

Conſumar ſi non cito.
Quickly or I am conſumed.

26.

Ax ego dum optatæ multùm peto lumina flammæ;
A flammâ lucem feruidiore peto.
nc cita nî accendor, jam jam conſumar, & omnis
Suminis in lacrymas vis liquefacta cadet.
Res quibus eſt anguſta domi, & fortuna noverca,
Coguntur Dominos ſollicitare ſuos.
nua quibus cerant, & adorant ſupplice voto,
Munificam duris mittere rebus opem.
nc miſeros mora longa necat, nam ſpes ea dit omnis,
Recula & exilis, quæ fuit ante, perit.
mpeſtiva beant donantis munera dextræ,
Donaq; temporibus non niſi grata ſuis.

7Hen I this wiſht-for light to tinne deſire,
I proſtrate crave it from this flaming fire;
om whence if light come not in fitting time,
m conſum'd before the light be mine.
Whoſe meanes are ſmall, whom Fortune favours not,
ey take their patrons mercy for their lot;
them their ſupplications they direct,
tending ſtill with homage and reſpect;
lay undo'th them, makes them ſpend their oyle,
eir hopes grow leſſe, and greater is their toyle;
leſſe their Patrons timely ſhew their love:
r gifts, by timely giving, double prove.

Non ſuffulta pereo.

Helpe or elſe I dye.

27.

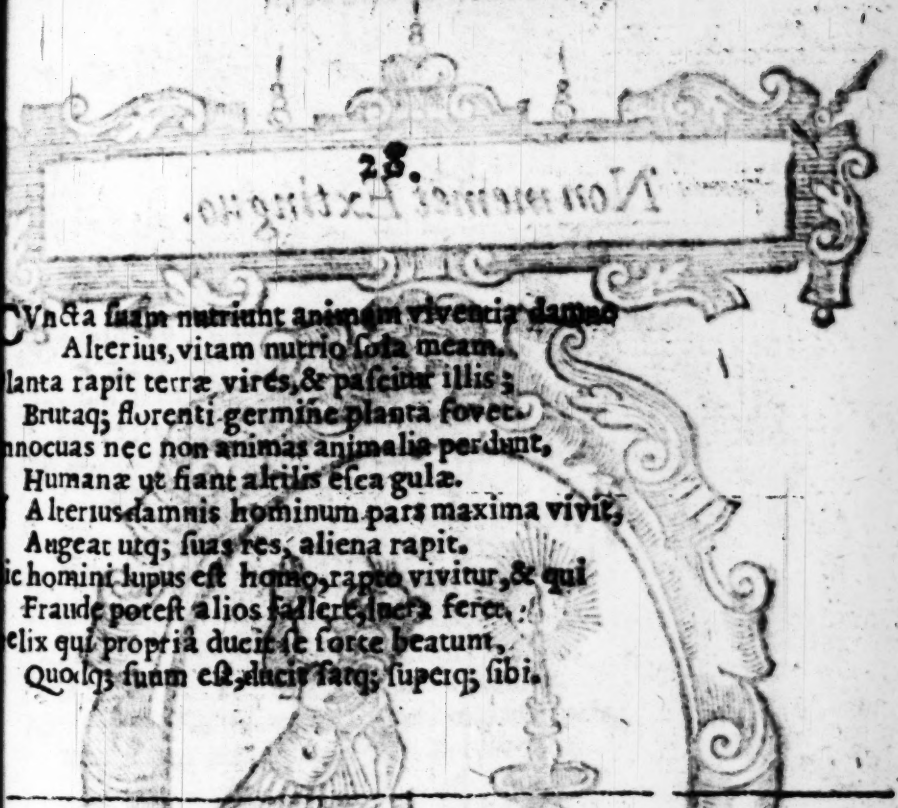
Fax ego ſplendebam fixâ dum ſedo manerem,
Salvaq; ſublato vertice flamma foret,
Nunc poſtquam caſus lucem temeravit iniquus,
Prona vacillanti corpore læda jacet.
Adfer opem quicunq; vides, ſuccurre labanti,
Tutaq; ſic noſtræ gloria lucis erit.
¶ Humanum eſt labi, variæq; obnoxia ſorti
Vita, nequit certo firma manere loco
Vel quaſſat fortuna, movet vel lubricus error;
Inq; horas hominum labitur omne genus.
Felix labenti cui vis ſuccurrit amica,
Quiq; hominis, tanquam numinis, uſus ope eſt.
Namq; docent, quæcunq; nocent, prudenſq; cavebit
Ictus, cum laſſo fortius ibit equo.

I Shined brightly whilſt I ſtood upright,
And firmely ſeated gave a perfect light;
But after that miſchance did me ſurpriſe,
I am caſt downe and know not how to riſe.
Helpe, helpe, who ſees my caſe, now ſuccour me,
So, as before, my Light ſhall glorious be.
¶ A man may fall, this brittle life of ours
Is ſubject to more chances than to houres:
Or fortune falſe, or errours ſlippery fall
Suffers us not, conſtant to proove at all:
Happy is he who falling findes a man,
Much like a God, ſupporting what he can.
By hurt he learning gaines, he wiſer growes,
And with the weary Oxe more warily goes.

Memet Nutrio.

I nouriſh my ſelfe.

28.



Vncta suam nutriunt animam viventia damno
Alterius, vitam nutrio sola meam.
Planta rapit terræ vires, & pascitur illis;
Brutaq; florenti germine planta fovet.
Innocuas nec non animas animalia perdunt,
Humanæ ut fiant altilis esca gulæ.
Alterius damnis hominum pars maxima vivit,
Augeat utq; suas res, aliena rapit.
Sic homini lupus est homo, rapto vivitur, & qui
Fraude potest alios fallere, laeta feret.
Felix qui propria ducit se sorte beatum,
Quodq; suum est, ducit satq; superq; sibi.

ALL living things with others losse maintaine
Their life, not so my harmelesse light I gaine.
The plant doth feede upon the fertile soile;
And bruitish beasts the pleasant plants doe spoile;
So harmelesse beast, and bird, and fish must dy,
To pamper mans 100 licorish gluttony.
But of condition though I mortall be;
Yet this my Light is onely nurst by me.
The most of men doe live by others losse,
Whilst others goods they to themselves engrosse:
So man proves wolfe to man, and robbery gives
Most gaine to him, who most unjustly lives.
Thrice happy's he, who's of his state content,
As if it were *Crassus* or *Cræsus* rent.

Sit

Non memet Extinguo.

I doe not put out my selfe.

29.

SIt mihi ſors quæcunq; tamen gratiſſima ſemper
Vita mihi eſt, morior non niſi juſſa mori.
Quando manus Domini extinguit, vel fortior aura
Enecat, aut peſſum caſus iniquus agit.
Sin minus irrupta hanc animam cum corpore jungit
Copula, ſupremo non niſi rupta die.
¶ Ipſa hominem juſſit vitam natura tueri,
Quâ nil mortali charius eſſe ſolet.
Ille ſed invitis reſecat ſua ſtamina Parcis,
Exoſuſq; animam, res ſibi habere jubet.
Scilicet incertæ metuens diſcrimina mortis,
Ante tubas mortem, ne moriatur obit.
Ah! miſer Ætheriæ non dignus munere lucis,
Vivere qui non vult, neſcit & ipſe mori.

WHat e're my ſtat's, my love proves conſtant ſtill
To this my Soule, we part againſt our will;
Or when fierce *Boreas* with his bluſtring gale,
Or ſome miſchance my lovely light doth quale:
Elſe I and Light my life, would never part,
Before to aſhes fates did me convert.
¶ Nature commands us to maintaine our breath
And being, ſhunning life-deſtroying death.
Yet man from Atropus oft takes the knife,
And cuts his fatall thred devouring life:
For why, he fearing death before his day,
Before th'allarum, makes himſelfe away.
Ah wretch! unworthy to behold the skye,
Who will not live, and knowes not how to dye.

Omnia

Mors mihi Lucrum.

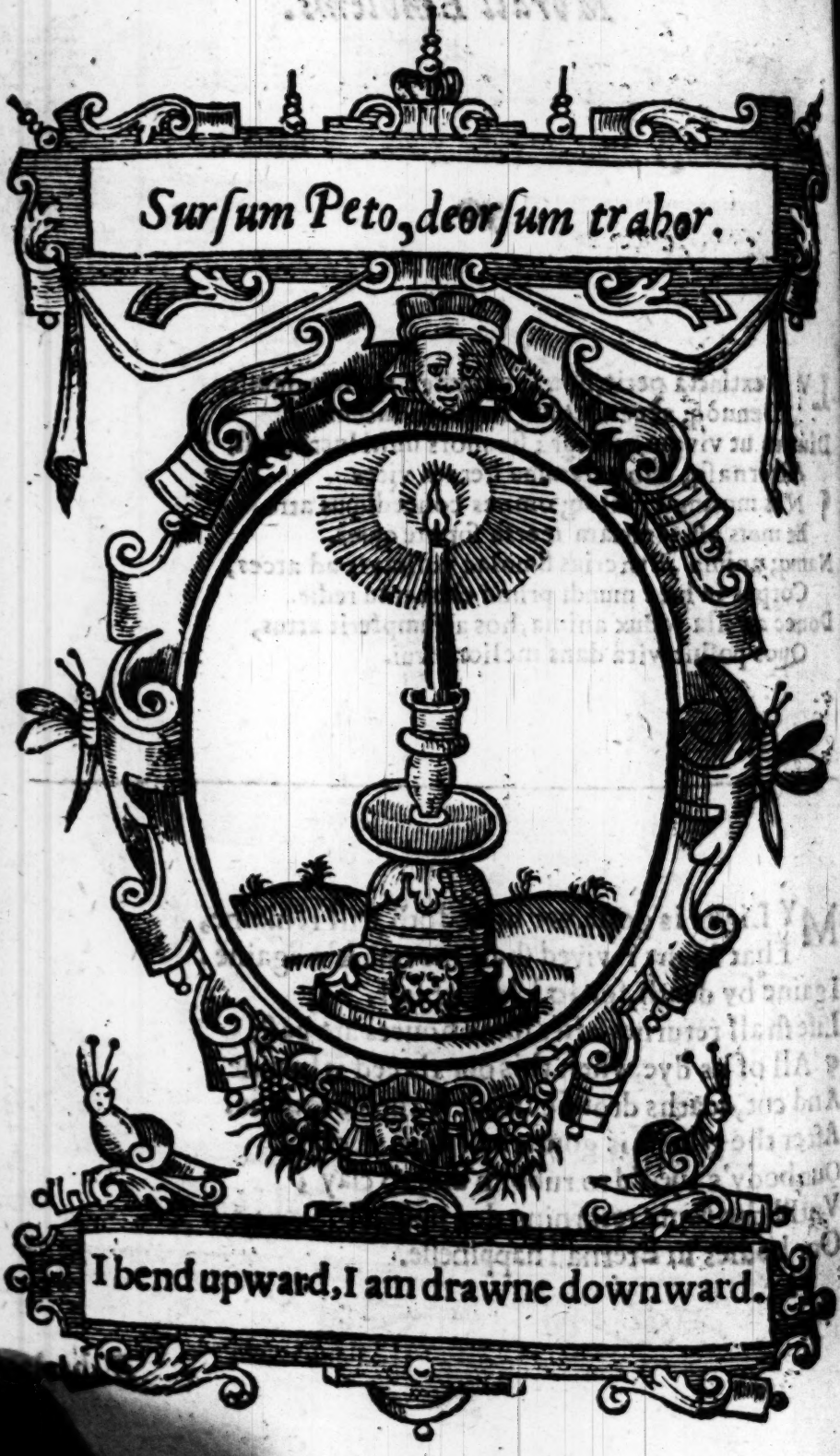
Death is gaine to me.

30.

LVX extincta perit, non ſpes tamen excidit omnis,
Denuòq; accendet lux rediviva facem.
Diutius ut vivam, morior; ſic mors mihi lucrum eſt,
Alterna ſeq; dabit flamma iterata vices.
¶ Nos morimur, fatoq; omnes concedimus atro,
Et mors eſt tanquam mer[illegible] ſopore quies.
Namq; anima Ætherias ſimulac volitavit ad arces,
Corpus in hæc mundi prima elementa redit.
Donec ad illa redux anima, hos aſſumpſerit artus,
Quos poſuit, vitâ dans meliore frui.

MY Light is gone, yet hope doth ſtill remaine,
That Light revived ſhall me quick'n againe.
I gaine by death, for ſo I longer laſt,
Life ſhall returne, after ſome houres are paſt.
¶ All of us dye, when this our threed is ſpunne,
And cut, deaths drouſie ſleepe is then begunne.
After the ghueſt is gone, the Innes decay,
Our body's turn'd to rubbiſh and to clay;
Vntill the ſoule returning doe poſſeſſe
Our bodies in Eternall happineſſe.

Ætherias


Sursum Peto, deorsum trahor.
I bend upward, I am drawne downward.

31.

AEtherias mea flamma polaris anhelat ad arces,
Lux in natalem ſubvolat uſq; locum.
Corporeo ſed preſſa jugo deſcendere flamma
Cogitur, ut quærat tædæ alimenta ſuæ.
Decreſcens ſequitur ſic ſumen, donec ad ipſum
Venerit, ultrà quò non datur ire, rogum.
¶ Mens mea neſcio quâ Cœli dulcedine capta
Cogitat alatam tendere ad aſtra viam.
Sed grave mergit onus, dum compes dura caduci
Corporis, hanc mentem ſerpere cogit humi.
Pulveris in medio quærens victumq; & amictum,
Lotum edit, & patriæ vix memor ipſa ſuæ eſt.

MY Light up to Heav'ns Manſions ſtill doth move,
Seeking his native place of reſt above;
But being ty'd in bondage to this frame,
It ſtoopes to ſeeke his food, and feed his flame:
So ſtill it ſinkes downeward, untill it turne
Into a ſhuffe, and aſhes ceaſe to burne.
¶ My mind, I know not how, longeth to flye,
Vnto the Heavenly Courts and Saphire ſky,
But ſtill its plung'd, ſo to the body bound,
That its compel'd to grovell on the ground:
Thus cralling for its food my ſoule can fare,
And taſting Lote, his Country doth forget.

Extinguar quin aſcendam.
I will dye but I ſhall aſcend.

32.

TAntus amor patrii Cœli eſt, ſic tendit in altum
Lumen, ut adverſas neſciat ire vias.
Lux depreſſa tamen ſcandit, penetratq; ruinas
Illa meas, morte & ſternit ad aſtra viam.
¶ Emicat ad Cœlos anima hæc, corpuſq; ſupinat
Hoc grave, dum ſecum tollere membra cupit.
Nititur, at fruſtra; corpus radicibus hærens
Terræ, cognatam linquere neſcit humum.
Deprimit ad ſilices tumulumq; victa ſenectus,
Cum parat in terram figere Parca caput.
Tunc anima inverſi per corporis ire ruinas
Geſtit, & ad ſuperas ferre trophæa domos.

SVch is lights love to Heaven, that ſtill above
It mounts, and cannot to the center move;
Hold you it under, it will upward reach,
And through its ruinous body make a breach.
¶ Our ſoule doth bend ourbodies ſtraight and even,
As with it ſelfe, it would them raiſe to Heaven;
But all in vaine it undergoes ſuch toyle,
The body will not leave its native ſoyle:
Age puls it downe, and makes it ſtoope full low,
Till death doth give his fatall overthrow
Then through the bodies breach the Soule doth riſe,
And like a conquerour, mount to the skyes.

Proprio sumptu.
On mine owne coſt.

33.

OMnia quæ mea ſunt, mecum bene provida porto,
Et vivit ſumptu ſobria flamma ſuo.
Si tenuis mihi ſit res, mecum convenit illi,
Et quæcunq; venit ſors, mihi grata venit.
Nuſquam mendico, nec quid ſit triſtis egeſtas
Viva ſcio; quid ſit mortua, curo minus.
¶ Sunt quibus unum opus eſt alienâ vivere quadrâ,
Et lautam alterius dilacerare penum.
Vulturii humani generis, fuciq; culinæ,
Menſarum harpyiæ, foriculi penoris.
At Sapiens animum fortunæ accommodat æquum,
Metitus modulo ſeq; penumq; ſuo.
Grarior exigui eſt huic eſca parabilis horti,
Malvaq;, quam magnæ ſportula larga domus.

I Carry about with me, my frugall ſtore,
With which I am content, and ſeeke no more;
If it be meane, I can with it agree,
What ſtate ſoever, welcome comes to me:
I never begge; alive, what is diſtreſſe,
I know not; but once dead, I care for't leſſe.
¶ Some live on others trenchers, and doe eate
The bread of ſloth, for which they never ſweat:
They're greedy ravens of mankind, kitching drones,
Rich tables harpyes, rats, Chamelions.
The wiſeman howſoever he doth finde
Fortune, to it he fits and frames his mind,
He doth preferre his courſe and country faire,
Vnto his Patrons dole and diſhes rare.

Lucenti non invideo.
I envie not thy light.

34.

CVM tua per noctis radiaret flamma tenebras;
Splendebat tua lux invidiosa mihi.
At postquam Titan lustravit lumine terras,
Flamma tua est, tenebris æmula facta meis.
Non equidem invideo lucenti, gloria lucis
Nulla tuæ est; tenebris, gloria nulla meis.
¶ Vmbra velut corpus sequitur, comitatur honorem
Invidia, & livor culmina summa petit.
Gloriolam obscurat si quando gloria major,
Gloriolæ invidiam gloria major habet.

WHen thou in darkenesse of the night didst blaze,
I could not without envy on thee gaze;
But when the Cyclop *Titan* comes in sight,
There is no ods twixt darkenesse and thy light:
I doe not envy thee, although thou shine;
No glor' I have, nor is the glory thine.
¶ As lightsome bodyes doe a shaddow give;
So glory without envy cannot live:
When greater glory doth the meane suppresse,
It likewise takes the envy from the lesse.

Flamma fumo proxima eſt.

Fire followeth ſmoake.

35.

QVI timet inſanæ damnata incendia flammæ;
Et cupit extinctam nocte latere facem,
Extinguit flammam, nec ceſſat ſpiritus ante
Quam fumi fungo cum moriente cadat.
Proxima nam fumo flamma eſt, ſpiracula fungi
Lumina fumanti dant, rediviva faci.
¶ Furtivas Veneris metuis qui in pectore flammas,
Et quas accendit dira libido lues.
Has preme, ſuppreſſoq; imi jam pectoris æſtu,
Tu cave ne impuro fumus ab ore meet.
Si ſpirat fumus, cineri ſuppoſta doloſo
Flamma jacet; fumum ſupprime, flammà perit.
Contra; ſi verbis occurret blandior aura
Pellicis; in flammas dira libido micat.

WHo fearſt outragious *Vulcans* damned ire,
And wouldſt beſafe from night-ſurpriſing fire;
Put out the flame, the ſmoaking ſnuffe ſuppreſſe,
Leaſt from the ſmoake the fire it ſelfe redreſſe;
For fire is next to ſmoake, and oft its ſeene,
That reaking ſnuffe a blazing fire hath beene.
¶ Who feares the damned fire of inward luſt,
And *Cupids* flames, obſerve this rule he muſt.
Hearts concupiſcence, fore it's vehement,
Looke that in words he ſuffer't not to vent;
For words are ſmoake of burning hearts deſire;
Smother his words, he needs not feare the fire:
But otherwayes a whoriſh complement,
Doth blow his fire, and makes him give conſent.

Dum ſpiro ſpero.
Whilſt I breath, I hope.

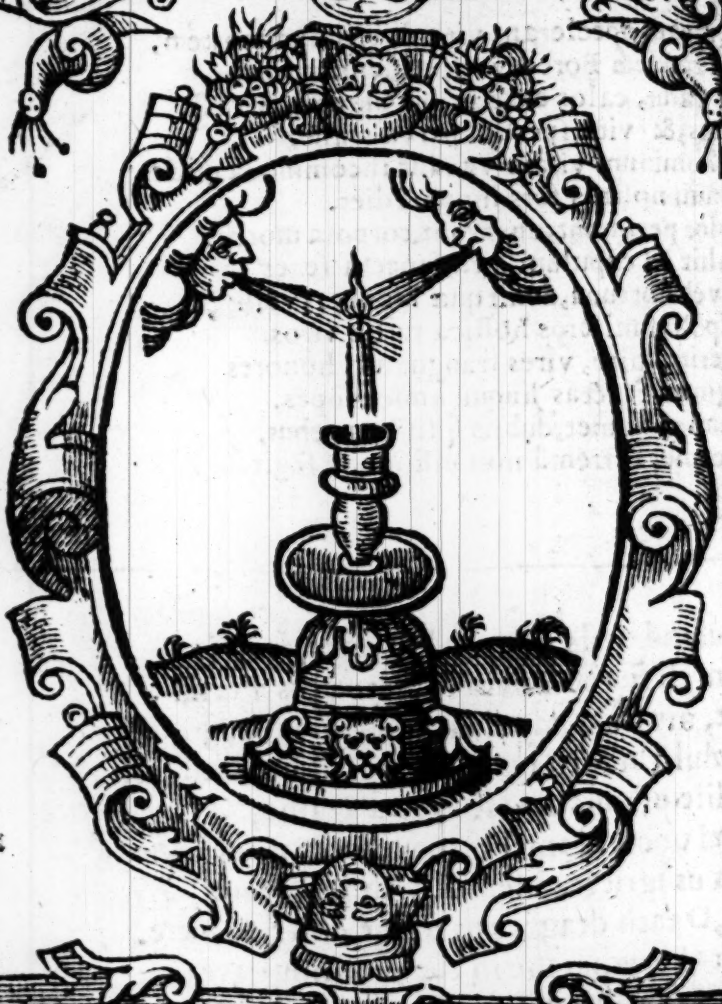
36.

MVlta meam accelerant vitæ diſcrimina mortem,
Et tandem Boreæ vis truculenta necat.
Flamma cadit, calor excedit, lux aurea cœca eſt,
Spiritus, & vitæ ſpecula parva manet.
Hanc hominum vitam vexant incommoda mille,
Et minuit noſtros ſors inopina dies.
Cura, dolor perimunt, enervant corpora morbi,
Et trahit ad capulum dira ſenecta ſenes
Deſpere vel Fortuna, dedit quæ mane, revellit;
Aut ſpoliat miſeros hoſtica turba viros.
Forma perit ſubito, vires franguntur, honores
Aufugiunt, fractas linquit amicus opes.
Spes at amica manet, dubijs fidiſſima rebus,
Hæc comes extremâ non niſi morte fugit.

A Thouſand evils this my life doth ſpend,
At length fierce *Boreas* thereto puts an end:
My light, my heat, my flame and all is paſt;
Onely, whilſt breath remaines, my hope doth laſt.
This life of ours is toſt to and againe,
Time and unconſtant Fortune workes our bane:
Care kils us, griefe, diſeaſes doth outweare
This life, Death dragges us to the dolefull biere.
Fortune takes what ſhe in the morning gave;
Or enemies robbe and ſpoile what e're we have;
Strength, beauty periſh honours flye away,
Falſe friends, when meanes are gone, they will not ſtay:
Hope's onely conſtant in adverſity,
Before ſhe's kild by death, ſhe will not fly.

Lucentem

Altero extinguor, altero accendor.



The one puts me out, the other kindls me

37.

Lvcentem me adverſa noti jam perdidit aura;
Denuò ſed flammas aura ſecunda dabit.
Ruſticus ut quondam, ventus contraria ſpirat,
Vno namq; calor, frigus & ore meat.
¶ Puppe procelloſi quem excuſſit gurgitis unda,
In puppem rediens gurgitis unda refert.
Altera Fortunæ manus obruit, altera tollit;
Sanat, quod fixit, Pelias haſta latus.
Sic multos periiſſe juvat; quem patria mulctat
Exilio, ſæpe hunc hoſtica terra fovet.
Ne deſponde animum, nec rebus concide fractis;
Difficiles, faciles experiere Deos.

WHilſt I did ſhine fierce *Boreas* put me out,
Againe he kindles me at the ſecond bout:
As ſometimes did the clowne, now *Boreas* doth,
Both heat and cold he breatheth from his mouth,
¶ The billow whom it caſt into the maine,
Returning threw him in the Shippe againe;
Fortune throwes downe, then raiſeth from the ground;
Achilles ſpeare doth cure whom it did wound.
Loſſes prove good to ſome; whom Greece condemnd,
The Perſian for his vallour could commend.
Be not caſt downe, diſpaire not at miſchance,
God who hath croſſed thee, will thee advance.

Helleſpontiacis

Herus Lucerna.

Heros light.

38.

Hellespontiacis Hero vicina procellis
Suspendit claram turris ab arce facem.
Hanc cernens mediis nabat Leander in undis
Ad Dominæ properans gaudia blanda suæ.
Hanc postquam extinguit Boreæ violentior aura,
Æquoris in tumidis mergitur ille vadis.
Sic juveni fuerat quondam quæ tæda jugalis,
Ad funus juveni tæda parata fuit.
Cœlicolûm Pater, ac æterni conditor orbis,
Lumen ab Ætheriâ promit arce suum.
Hoc sequimur vitæ jactati mille procellis,
Dum petimus cœlî gaudia vera poli.
Nulla sed hoc Boreæ aut ventorum insania lædet:
Ad portum incolumes sic licet ire piis.
Quo simul ac fessi pervenimus, illa jugalis
Fax erit, & nunquam funebris esse potest.

HEro who dwelt by Hellespontick strand,
Hang'd forth a Light, *Leanders* marke for land,
Whither his helmelesse course he steerd and mov'd,
Whilst he made haste to see his welbelov'd,
Which when fierce *Boreas* with his blustring blast
Put out, he in the floods away was cast:
So that his wedding light became a torch,
To convoy him to Proserpines blacke porch.
Almighty God who made all by his power,
Holds forth his Light from the Celestiall Tower:
That when the stormes our tossed soules annoy,
It may direct us to our heav'nly joy.
No storme against this Light can so prevaile
But Saints unto their wisht-for Haven may saile.
Where for their Wedding torch this Light they have,
Which never shall convoy them to their grave.

Cum

Exitus Probat.

The end tryeth all.

39.

Vlla fuere faci & ceræ diſtrimina odoris,
Quum clarum ornaret lucis utrumq; jubar.
ux ſimul extincta eſt, ſpatile fax terrius halat;
Hyblæos redolet melela, cera favos.
Sic prætextato dum fulget honoris in oſtro
Improbus, aſſimilis creditur eſſe probo.
t quum nil miſerans perſonam detrahit Orcus,
Excutit aut nudos ſors malefida ſinus.
le cachinnantis Vulgi tunc ſordet in ore,
Famaq; ſentinæ ut fœda mephitis olet.
ulget in adverſis contra probus, inq; ſecundis,
Nullaq; Fortunæ tela nocere queunt.
uin ubi mors animam tenues effiavit in auras,
Vivit thuricremis æmula fama rogis.

When as the waxen light and candle did ſhine,
As was the taper, ſo the candle was fine:
hen light is gone, this gives an odious ſnuffe,
hat ſmels of Hyblas ſweete nectarian ſtuffe.
So when the wicked ſits in honours chaire,
nto the good man all doe him compare;
ut when death ſparing none, his maske puls off,
nd changing Fortune ſets him for a ſcoffe:
hen to the fritle people he doth ſtinke,
is name ſmels like a common-ſhore or ſinke:
he good againe, even in adverſity,
ares not for Fortunes falſe inconſtancy;
nd when againſt him death hath done her beſt,
is name ſmells like the Phenix ſpicy neſt.

Cum

Dux Laterna Viæ.

The Lanterne leades the way.

40.

CVm mare fermentat Boreas, quum fluctibus æquor
Intumet, & ventis aspera gliscit hyems.
Sol oculis quando eripitur; caligine cœlum,
Et tumidum involvit nox tenebrosa salum.
Dux veluti, lux nostra monet vitare Charybdin,
Et Scyllæarum jurgia dira canum.
¶ Erramus vitæ jactati mille procellis,
Præpedit & nostrum nubilus error iter,
Sed Christus classis nostræ prætoria navis
Lucentem præfert per vada cœca facem.
Hanc sequere, optatas Cœli qui tendis ad oras;
Christus enim verax est via, luxq; viæ.

WHen stormie *Boreas* puts the seas in rage,
And swelling waves intesting warre do wage;
When sun is darkn'd, when night doth heav'n confound,
And foaming billowes give a discord sound.
My light then leads the way through reeling strands,
Guiding by *Scyllas* rocks, *Charybdis* sands.
¶ Here we are tossed in a maine of feares;
But Christ our admirall the lanterne beares;
Least we should suffer shipwracke in the night,
He leads us through all dangers by his light.
Who then would'st come to Heav'ns long wisht for bay,
Follow thy Saviour who's Truth, Light, and Way.

Data Lux ſuſpiria tollit.
Light me I ſhal ſigh nomore

41.

CVm mea per tenebras radiaret Inmine Lampas,
Æmula quum ſtellis flamma coruſca foret,
In precio fuerat mea lux, dignabar honore,
Inq; oculis cunctis fax mea læta fuit.
Nunc moribunda gemo, ſordens ſuſpiria duco,
Sumq; inviſa aliis, ipſa odioſa mihi.
Quod ſi flamma redux fuerit, decus omne redibit,
Quiq; prius frixit, fit recidivus amor.
¶ Res quum ſalva manet, quum pleno copia cornu eſt
Intactas populus ſuſpicit omnis opes.
At ſimul inconſtans reflat Fortuna, faceſſunt
Omnes, & miſeris nullus amicus adeſt.
Quin ubi ſors vultum mutat, quum denuo ridet,
Aſſentatorum reflua turba redit.
Oceani velut unda fluit, fluit unda clientum,
Verſiq; dat pelles ſors male fida vices.

WHen as my Light with beames did brightly ſhine,
And ſtarre-light was but equall unto mine;
I was in great requeſt and ſet above,
Was deare to all, who ſaw me, did me love:
Now breathing ſighes, and languiſhing I grone:
I'm hatefull to my ſelfe, belov'd of none.
If once againe my light beginne to burne,
With it my light and honour ſhall returne.
¶ When Fortune ſtanding on her ſlippery ball,
Doth favour, then are we admir'd of all;
But if ſhe frowne, then flatterers flye away,
No friends abide, if once your meanes decay:
O but if Fortune change, and ſmile againe,
Then fawne theſe flatterers, and beare up your traine.
Much like the Sea theſe Clients flote and flow;
And Fortune turnes her coat, at every ſhow.

Fruſtra me tegis.
In vaine thou covereſt me.

42.

Frustra me ardentem celat prætenta lacerna,
Lumine flagrabit tacta lacerna meo.
Nostra meam nocti produnt incendia lucem,
Injectæ vestis dat q; ruina viam.
¶ Infandum quicunq; fovet penetralibus imi
Pectoris, & sperat posse latere nefas.
Ille faces celat Furiarum mente reductä,
Sed frustra in vultus impia flamma micat.
Sic quicunq; nefas diri concepit Orestis,
Non minus & Furias impij Orestis habet.
Dissimula tu quantumvis, vis insita menti
Quæ penitus sentis, cogit aperta loqui.

IN vaine thou mantles up this light of mine,
Thinking that no man shall perceive it shine.
But all in vaine, flame will it selfe bewray
And through thy coat, by burning, make his way.
¶ Who in his lower heart doth hurt conceale,
Hoping that nothing shall the same reveale.
He hides the torches of the hellish rout,
Which will at length with violence burst out:
Who doth conceive *Orest s* impious thought,
It will ere long to furious fact be brought.
Dissemble what thou can'st, that inward sparke
Will burst forth into Light, though now its darke.

Sic Vos non Vobis.
So are you not borne for your selvs.

43.

ARte faber chalybem fingens ſic temperat igni,
Ut ſilicis duræ verbera ferre queat.
Hæc quando ſaxi cæcis incendia ab antris
Excutit, in cremium multa favilla cadit.
Scintillas fovet hoc rutilas, a ſulphure donec
Accenſo flammam teda parata rapit.
Teda faci tandem tradit, fax ardet ad uſus
Humanos, aliis commoda, nulla ſibi.
¶ Sic juſſit Natura Deo parere potenti
Omnia, & in proprias eſſe miniſtra vices.
Eſſe quibus Natura dedit ſine munere vitæ
Herbarum vitas prima elementa fovent.
Brutum animal viridis terræ ſic planta ſaginat,
Humanæ ut fiant eſca parata gulæ.
Omnia ſic noſtros didunt ſe commoda in uſus:
Debemus noſtro morigeri eſſe Deo.

THe Smith the ſteele, ſo tempers in the fire,
As that it may indure flints ſtroke and ire;
The flint and ſteel, 'gainſt others while they ſtrive,
Give ſparkles, which the tinder keeps alive;
Vntill the ſulphure to the match gives flame,
Which keeps and to the candle doth give the ſame;
The candle thus lighted proper uſe hath none:
Thus all ordained is for man alone.
¶ Dame Nature ſo commandeth ev'ry thing
In his owne kind to ſerve his lord and King;
Things of meere being, and which doe not live,
As Elements, food to the living give;
The living herbs doe beaſts with ſenſe mainetaine,
And theſe, to feede us, ev'ry houre are ſlaine:
So every thing is for the uſe of man,
To God ſhould he not doe then, what he can?

Nauplij faces.

Nauplius his Lights.

44.

VIctrix Idæis quum jam remearet ab oris
Classis,& armatæ gliscceret ira Deæ.
Nauplius Argolicas ulturus fraude carinas,
Suspendit rutilas ad vada cœca faces.
Illæ in saxa ruunt,inimico lumine falsæ,
Euboicisq; natat naufraga classis aquis.
¶ Dum petimus patriam,vitæ jactamur in undis,
Et gemit assiduo quassa carina noto.
Suspendunt faculas Honor & damnosa Voluptas,
Instar Sirenis fingit uterq; dolos.
Gaudia promittunt portus,placidamq; quietem,
Interea miseros in mala damna trahunt.
Vt sapias vani vitato Capharea honoris
Falsa,voluptatis naufraga saxa fuge.

WHen as the conqu'ring fleete return'd from *Troy*,
And Pallas stormy wrath did them annoy;
Then *Nauplius* sought revenge upon the *Greekes*,
And hang'd out Lanterns on the rocky creekes;
The *Greekes* deceived did the rockes mistake,
And dashing gainst them did nights shipwracke make.
¶ Whilst we unto our wisht-for Country goe,
This lifes feirce billowes tosse us to and fro;
Honour and glory hang out lights so faire,
And Siren-like doe seeke us to ensnare:
A joyfull,quiet haven they doe pretend;
But oft they draw us to a dolefull end:
If thou be wise shunne honours lights so hy,
And from shipwracking Siren pleasure fly.

Præstat morari.

'Tis better to tarry.

45.

LVx mea torpenti languet jam proxima fungo;
Vicina eſt nigris fax moribunda rogis.
Ecce meæ præſto lux inhiat altera ſorti;
Carnificemq́; meis ut potiatur, agit.
Non impune meam accelerat tamen illa ruinam,
Namq́; ulciſcetur noſtra favilla necem.
¶ Ante diem patrios minuit ſic filius annos,
Et ſi non gladio, ſæpe dolore necat,
Occupet ut bona quæ genitor ſudore paravit;
Non tamen hoc Nemeſis deflet, inulta nefas,
Dilapidat nam cuncta nepos, rogus ante parentis
Quám friget, nati res malé-parta, perit.

MY Light into a ſnuffe is almoſt turn'd,
And now the candle to ſmoaking aſhes burn'd,
Behold another Light ſtands ready by,
Which to enjoy my place will make me dye.
Yet not unpuniſh'd it puts out my breath,
My very aſhes doe revenge my death.
¶ So doth the ſonne his Father make away,
If not with ſword, with griefe, before his day,
That he his Fathers goods and meanes may joy,
Which *Nemeſis* revenging doth convoy.
For oft the ſpendthrifts goods ſo evill gotten
Are ſpent before his Fathers bones are rotten.

Atratum,

Signum eſt Luxiſſe.

It is a token that I ſhined.

46.

ATratum quicunq; videt fuligine fungum,
Sentiet ille meum conſenuiſſe jubar.
Teda coruſcanti flagrabat lumine quondam;
Luminis, extincto lumine, ſtigma manet.
¶ Strenuus armatos domuit qui marte duelles,
Vulnera virtutis ſigna referre ſolet.
In Veneris meruit qui caſtris, vix trahit artus,
Membraq; tabificâ debilitata lue.
Diſcipuli vultus macri, inſaniq; gulonis
Pinguis aqualiculus ſymbolica eſſe ſolent.
Seu virtus fuerit, vitium ſeu ignobile, tanquam
Sorex, indicio paret utrumq; ſuo.

WHo ſo beholds this ſmoaky ſnuffe of mine,
He muſt needs thinke that ſometime I did ſhine;
But now my Light is gone, my glory's darke,
Onely of light I have the brand and marke.
¶ Who for his Country hath with valour ſtood,
His wounds doe ſhew, that he hath ſpent his blood:
In *Venus* training who hath beene practiſed,
Some token he beares of what he exerciſed.
The Schollars badge, are ſallow lookes and blanch,
The gluttons is the fatneſſe of his panch.
Vertue and vice doth leave ſome token behind,
Which of themſelves doe put us ſtill in minde.

Exiguo melius.
Better with a little.

47.

VIs olei nimia extinguit, moderataq́; nutrit;
Quod fovet, hoc nimium quando erit, exanimat.
Diluviis fœcundus ager sterilescit aquarum,
At modico lætas educat imbre comas
Deliciæ enervant animum, corpusq; salivâ
Torquent; est modicæ gratia multa dapis:
Vivitur in Micâ melius quam in Apolline, possis
Vt sanâ, in sano corpore, mente frui.

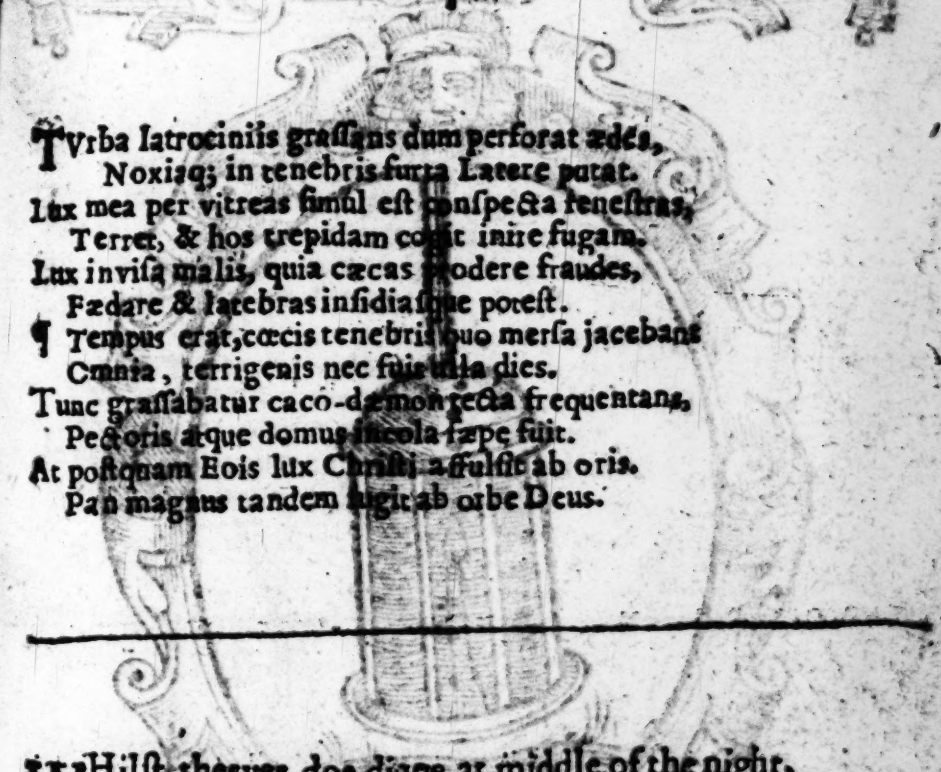
MY Light is best maintain'd with little Oyle,
Too much of that which feeds me, doth me spoile.
Deluge of waters drownes the fertile ground,
Soft dropping raines makes it with grasse abound:
Riot in cheere the body kils and minde,
The meanest fare, the best for both we finde:
Rather in Mica than Apollo dine,
If thou wouldst wit and health still to be thine.

Turba

Qui malè facit odit lucem:

An evill-doer hateth Light.

48.



TVrba latrociniis grassans dum perforat ædes,
Noxiaq; in tenebris furta Latere putat.
Lux mea per vitreas simul est conspecta fenestras,
Terret, & hos trepidam cogit inire fugam.
Lux invisa malis, quia cæcas prodere fraudes,
Fædare & latebras insidiasque potest.
¶ Tempus erat, cœcis tenebris quo mersa jacebant
Omnia, terrigenis nec fuit ulla dies.
Tunc grassabatur caco-dæmon recta frequentans,
Pectoris atque domus incola sæpe fuit.
At postquam Eois lux Christi affulsit ab oris.
Pan magnus tandem fugit ab orbe Deus.

WHilst theeves doe digge at middle of the night,
Working the workes of darkneſſe, not of Light;
No ſooner through the window they me ſpy
But they affrighted turne their backes and fly.
This Light ill-doers no wayes can abide,
Simply revealing, what they falſely hide.
¶ There was a time when all in darkeneſſe lay,
When mortals had a naturall night, no day;
Then Satan that arch-theefe did range abroad,
Seeking in hearts and houſes his aboad;
But ſince that Chriſts bright Starre hath ſhewne his Light,
Great Pan is dead, the Devill is put to flight.

Luceo & Lateo.

I lurke and ſhine.

49.

Illebat rapidis mea lux ludibria ventis,
Obvia ſoricibus prædaq; ſumen erat.
Tunica ſed poſtquam terſi pellucida cornu
Munivit, lateo & luceo tecta magis.
Lux, adamas veluti, interno ſplendore coruſcat,
Externo injuriam robore ferre poteſt.
¶ Splendida nobilitas fortunæ obnoxia telo eſt,
Eximiumq; petit livida turba decus.
Splendorem pietas ut murus aheneus ambit,
Gloria virtutumque ægide tecta nitet.
Sic vitæ quaſcunque ciet ſors dira procellas,
Illa tamen lucens ſub probitate latet.

BEfore my Light was to the winds a ſcorne,
My body likewiſe ſubject to be torne;
Now for a ſafeguard I this lanterne have,
So whilſt I ſhine from wrong it doth me ſave;
Even as the Diamond his light forth ſends,
And with his hardneſſe ſtill himſelfe defends.
¶ Honour is ſubject to unconſtant chance,
Nor can it without envy't ſelfe advance:
Vertue to honour is a braſen wall,
Guarded with which, it is not hurt at all;
And how ſo ever Fortun's ſtormes doe blow,
Yet Glory lurking thus, his light can ſhow.

Si tu foris, Ego domi.

If thou abroad, I at home.

50.

CErea fax temnit Borealis flamina venti,
Acta procelloſi nubila ferre poli.
Demonſtratque vias tempeſtæ noctis in umbris,
Et nitidum gelido ſub Iove lumen habet.
Deſidet at candela domi, luſtratque penates,
A debacchantis verbere tuta noti.
Gaudia deliciæque laris penetralia ſervat:
Ambulat illa foris, hæc latet uſq; domi.
¶ Splendida ſic vegetus linquit ſua tecta maritus
Sub gelido gaudens munia obire dio.
Perque maris curvit ſcopulos, cœlique procellas
Augeat ut tenuem ſedulitate penum.
Vxor caſta domi manet, & teſtudinis inſtar
Eſt domiporta, ſuî & ſplendida cura laris.
Vt ſubit errorum diſcrimina fortis Vlyſſes;
Penelope curam geſtit habere domus.

THis waxen torch is able to endure
The winds, when Æolus puts them in ure,
It leads the way in darkneſſe of the night,
And, though the ſerene fall, it ſhewes his Light:
The candle ſtill lurks at home, and there doth ſhow
Its light, not caring how the winds doe blow,
This as the houſes joy at home doth ſtay,
The other ſtill abroad doth make his way.
¶ The hardy husband from his houſe goes forth
Seeking to compaſſe buſineſſe of worth;
He ſailes by rockes and ſands, earely and late
He toiles, and ſeekes to purchaſe an eſtate:
The wife at home much like a ſnaile ſhe ſits
On houſe-wifry employing all her wits:
Vlyſſes in his travels hard did ſhift,
Penelope at home did uſe her thrift.

Sic pio per ij officio.

So I am undon by doing good

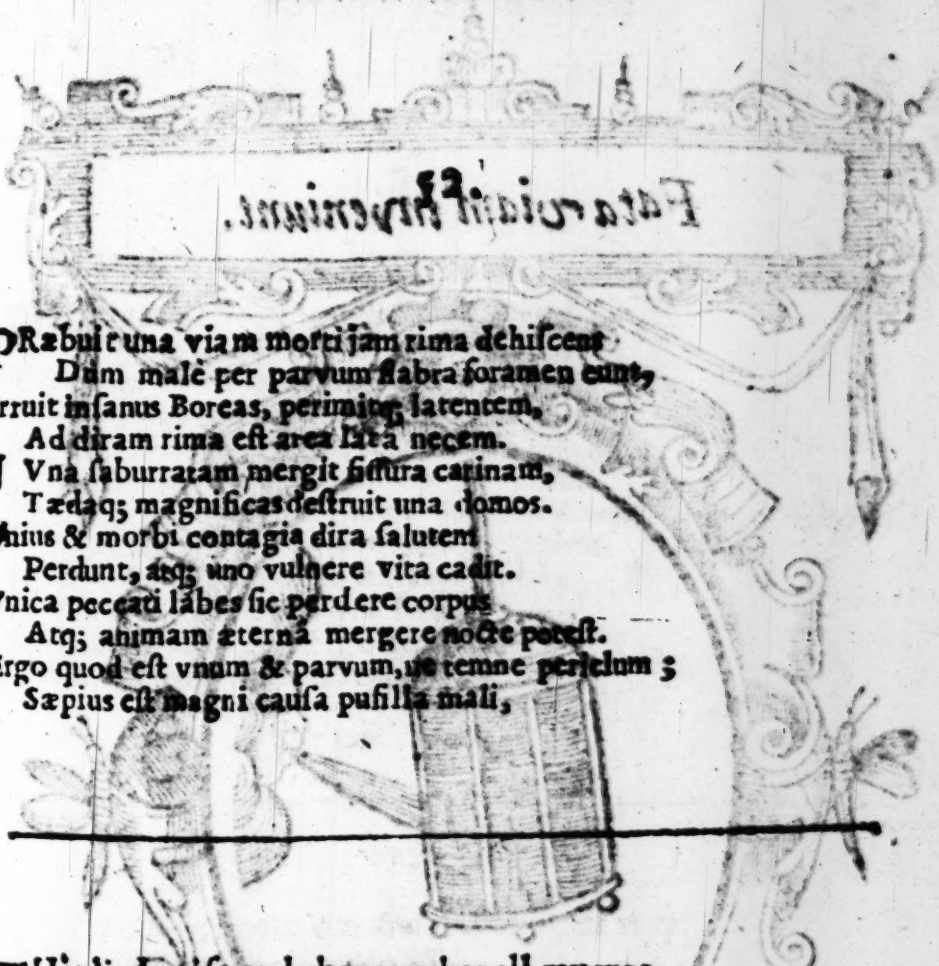
51.

VNdique laternam circa graſſantibus Euris,
Debuerat tutum delituiſſe jubar.
Importuna nocet pietas, male provida lucem
Perdit, dum lucem fœnerat illa ſuam.
¶ Si hoſtis habet muros, tunc ne pandatur amico
Porta, feret dammum ſic malè cautus amor.
Hoſtibus accedat ſi concomitatus amicus,
Neglige, vicini eſt vis metuenda mali.
Eſſe pius ſi vis, omnes circumſpice caſus,
Damnoſâ ne ſis impietate pius.

WHilſt ſtormy winds about the Lanterne rage,
The light ought to have lurked in his cage;
Vntimely love undoes him, while he lends
His Light, loe how his harmeleſſe life he ſpends.
¶ When troops of enemies beſiege the wall,
For feare of hurt, ſhut gates, though friends doe call.
If that a friend accompanyed with a foe
Doth come, feare neighbour danger, let him goe.
If thou lov'ſt to be charitable, doe
So good to others, that it hurt not you.

Hac tantum patui.

I lay open here onely.



PRæbuit una viam morti jam rima dehiscens
Dum malè per parvum fabra foramen eunt,
Irruit insanus Boreas, perimitq; latentem,
Ad diram rima est area lata necem.
¶ Vna saburratam mergit fissura carinam,
Tædaq; magnificas destruit una domos.
Vnius & morbi contagia dira salutem
Perdunt, atq; uno vulnere vita cadit.
Vnica peccati lâbes sic perdere corpus
Atq; animam æternâ mergere nocte potest.
Ergo quod est vnum & parvum, ne temne periclum;
Sæpius est magni causa pusilla mali,

THis little rift and chap workes all my woe,
Whilst thorow it fierce *Boreas* doth blow:
A creviſe is a City gate to death,
Who ſtill in ambuſh ſeekes to ſtop our breath:
¶ A little chinke doth drawne the loaded barke,
A ſtately houſe is burned with a ſparke;
And one diſeaſe doth this our health annoy,
One wound our life is able to deſtroy:
One Sinne can Soule and Body overthrow
Into the hell, and darkeneſſe thats below,
Doe not a danger which is meane deſpiſe;
From meaneſt cauſes greateſt evils ariſe.

Vnica

Fata viam inveniunt.
Death finds the way.

53.

VNica rima fuit; Borealis flamina venti
Quo poterant solo mî noenere modo.
¶ Pectore vulneribus patuit quâ sontiger Heros,
Hectoreus lethi hoc repperit ensis iter.
Planta pedis fuit Æacidæ penetrabilis, inq; hanc
Fœmineam Paridis rexit Apollo manum.
Hostis ab insidiis veluti, mors obsidet omnes,
Agmina, quâ murus parte laborat, habet.
Stiria sive gelu fuerit, seu musca, vel undæ
Gutula, Londini littera sive necet.
Mille artes callet mors insidiosa necandi,
Vel facit, aut factam repperit illa viam.

ONe chinke there was and not another way
For *Boreas*, his fury to essay;
So *Hectors* fatall gift *Aias* confounded,
And stob'd him where he onely could be wounded;
Apollo so directed *Paris* dart
To wound *Achilles* foote, and kill his heart.
¶ Death lies in ambush like an enemy,
And bratteth where our sconces weakest be.
Whether an icecle or drop of water,
Or gnat, or *Londons* Scholler-killing letter.
A thousand trickes we see of cunning death;
He makes or finds a way to stop our breath.

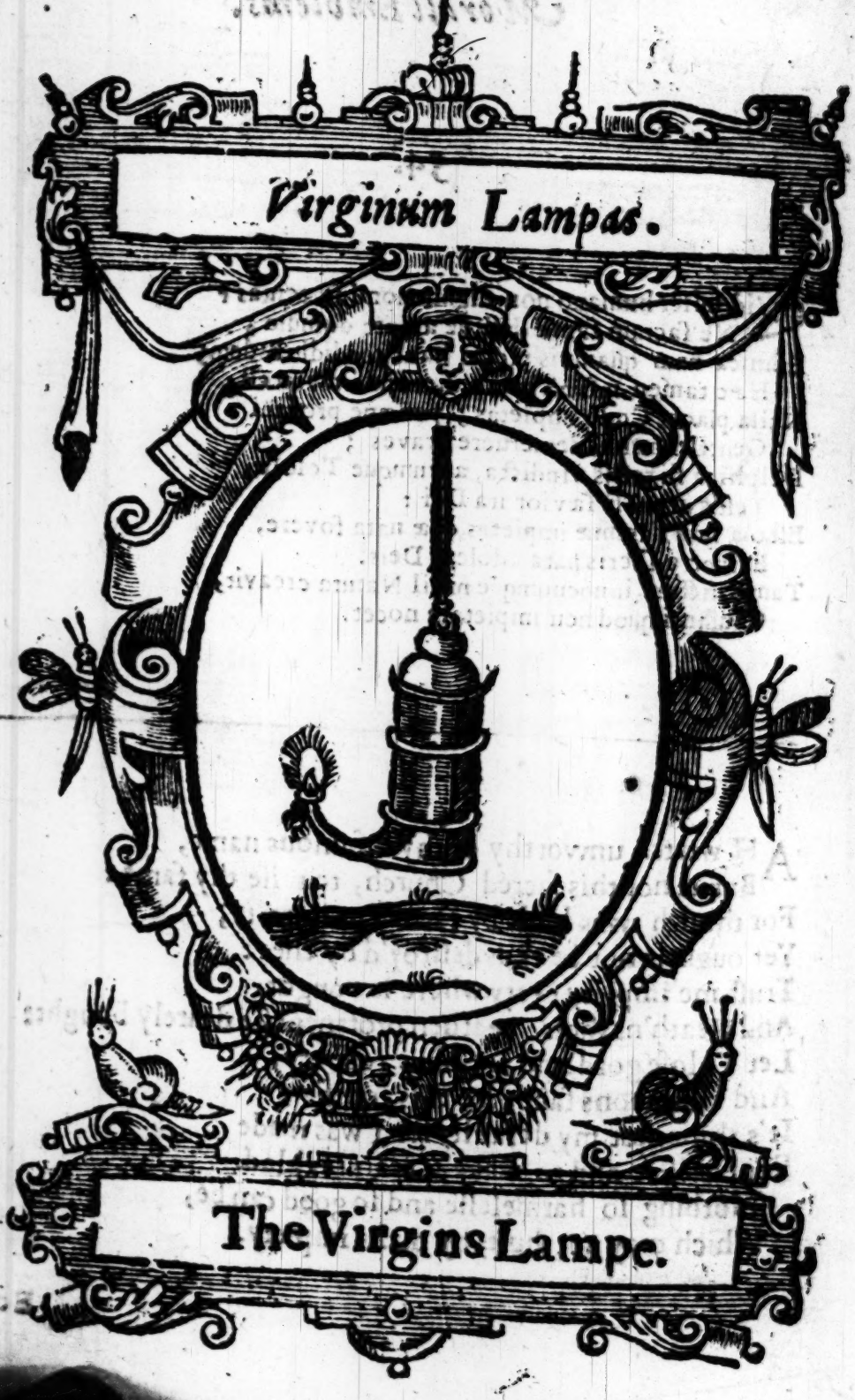
Heroſtrati fax.

Heroſtratus his Light.

54.

QVid miser humano non dignus nomine tentas?
Ne sacram famæ destrue amore domum;
Ethnica nam quamvis pictas hanc condidit Ædem;
Hæc tamen insanâ non temeranda manu est;
Nulla placet Cœlo impietas; persæpe profani
Gentiles pœnas demeruere graves;
Delphica sit testis vindicta, aurumque Tolosæ,
Testis arenosi sævior ira Dei:
Est tua non flammæ impietas, quæ nata fovere,
Et lucere, sacris nata adolere Deis.
Tam sanctum, innocuumque nihil Natura creavit,
Causanti quod non impietate nocet.

AH wretch unworthy of thy infamous name,
Burne not this sacred Church, to raise thy fame:
For though twas built by Heath'ns impiety,
Yet ought it not be thus destroy'd by thee:
Trust me impiety every where is nought,
And Heath'ns their heathen profaneneſſe dearely bought:
Let Toloſe gold, and Delphus robbery,
And Hammons sandy ire this testifie:
It's thine, not my default, for I was made
For sacrifice, and to make Creatures glad.
Nothing so harmeleſſe and so good can be,
Which may not hurt, by mans impiety.


Virginum Lampas.
The Virgins Lampe.

55.

ECce venit sponsus, quæ non speratur in horâ,
Adventusque potest discere nemo diem;
Scilicet ut furvis nocturnus latro tenebris;
Sic veniet, judex & paranymphus erit.
Seraphica ex omni resonabit cardine mundi
Buccina, tunc nubes clara tribunal erit.
Corpora sanctorum, pravorum corpora surgent,
Atque animæ reduces in sua membra fluent.
Tunc cui Palladio sacrata est munere Lampas,
Salvificamq; dedit Gratia vera fidem;
Cum Christo scandet Cœlos, ducetque triumphum
Inter Cœlicolos aligeroſque choros;
Sed cui non ullâ pingueſcit Lampas Olivâ,
Cujus & in duro pectore nulla fides;
Tartareos illum Christus relegabit ad ignes,
In quibus est stridens & sine fine dolor.

BEhold the Bridegroome comes, he takes his way.
Not Man, nor Angell knowes the houre or day;
He saies, he'le come, much like a theefe in night,
To judge the world with equity and right;
Angels shall charge with trumpets sounding cleare,
And Christ as Iudge shall in the clouds appeare;
The righteous & the wicked shall arise,
Bodies and Soules, to passe upon that size;
He who the oyle of preparation hath,
Whom Christ shall find furnish'd with saving faith,
Shall with the blessed Bridegroome mount on hie,
Mongst Seraphimes triumphing gloriously;
But he who hath no oyle, nor faith at all,
Heavens dreadfull Iudge shall that man curſed call,
And banish him into the pit of hell,
Where with the fiends for ever he must dwell.

Qualia

In imo minimum & pessimum.

At the bottom both least & worst

56.

QValia flammigenæ quum fervida munera Bacchi
Dolii in angusto carcere clausa Latent;
Quamdiu summa cado promuntur vina, palato
Et melius sapiunt, uberiusq; fluunt;
Ast ubi perventum est tetræ ad confinia fæcis,
Et minima in fundo, & pessima vina latent:
Talia & accensæ splendent incendia tædæ;
Æquali haud semper lumine flamma nitet:
Teda recens accensa, magisq; & clarius ardet,
Et facula est pleno lumine pulchra magis;
Ast ubi decrevit moribundi ad tædia fungi,
Hic olet, est cæcæ luxq; maligna facis.
Vinum, & fax vita est, primis quæ floret in annis,
Et viget, & genio nobiliore calet;
Sed simul effætæ senuscir damma senectæ,
Dant nobis pauci tædia multa dies.

MVch like as wine the nurse of Poets veine,
When prison-like the caske doth it conteine;
Farre from the bottome while you draw the wine,
You will it find more plenteous and more fine;
But when you come to dreg, no wine abounds,
Both least and worst remaineth in the grounds;
Such like the shining of a candle we see,
Which kindled once burnes not still equally;
At first it giv's greater and clearer light,
And is more pleasant both to smell and sight;
But when it comes to snuffe and even spent,
It shineth lesse, and gives a filthy sent.
The candle & wine's our life, which, in its prime,
Doth flourish more, and hath more hope of time;
But when with mustie age our life decayes,
Then many sorrowes have we, and few dayes.

Te lux mea fallit.

My light eſcapes thee.

57.

WHen first my light did shine, you lik'd me well.
Now that is gone; you hate my loathsome smell;
You with prolongers made me live, and art
Preserv'd my light; but now *Time* acts his part,
Triumphant *Time*, thewes now my glasse is runne,
(What way God knowes) I finde my threed is spunne;
Envy hath playd its part, and I doe goe
To Coffin: as I doe, all must doe so.
Time breaths a shrewd and life-bereaving blast,
Yet upward flyes my light, where it shall last.
I'me glad to part from body, which I lov'd
So deere, that many wayes and arts I prev'd
The mudwall to maintaine, and body save,
But yet in spight of me t'will go to grave.
This is my comfort, *Body*, that thy tombe
Which is thy grave, shall be thy mothers wombe
To bring thee once againe unto the light,
And life, which death shall never know, or night:
Then be content, though you and I depart;
Yet *Soule* and *Body* still shall have one heart.

Vale.
Farewell.

58.

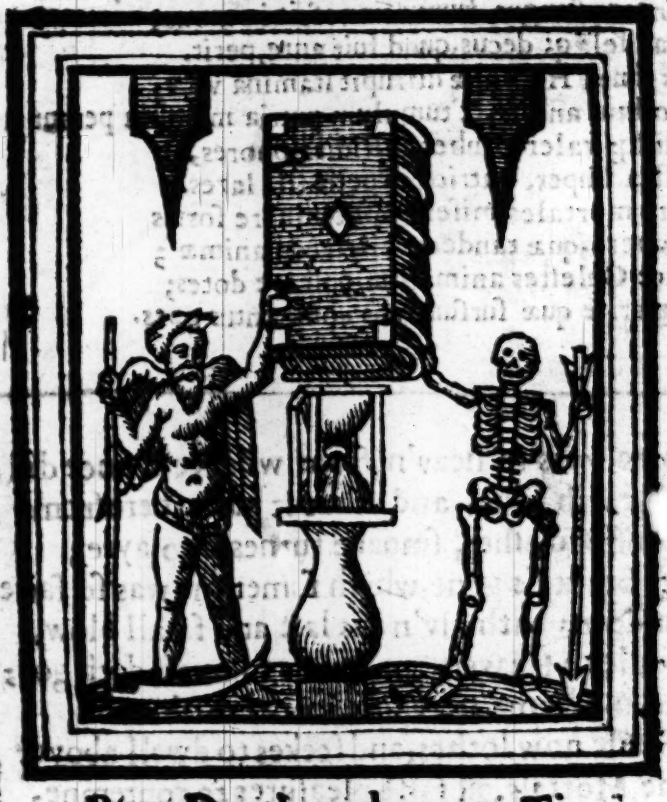
Æthereâ de ſede fuit, perit æthera rurſum,
Et quicquid Terræ eſt, flamma valere jubet.
In cineres fungus, fumus vaneſcit in auras,
Candelæq; decus, quod fuit ante, perit.
Mors ſimul Humanæ diſrupit ſtamina vitæ,
Cœlum anima, & tumulum puncta membra petunt.
Divitiisq; valere jubet, faſtidit honores,
Aſtra ſuper, patrios expetit illa lares.
Diſcite mortales miſeræ contemnere ſortis
Munera, quæ tandem reiicienda animæ;
Diſcite Cœleſtes animarum poſcere dotes;
Quærite quæ ſurſum vos comitentur opes.

FLame goes to heav'n, from whence it once did come,
Bids earth adue, and what it hath therefrom.
The ſnuffe to aſhes, ſmoake turnes into ayre;
Lights beauty's gone, which ſometime was ſo faire:
When death hath giv'n his laſt and fatall blow,
Our ſoule to Heaven, our Earth to earth doth goe:
Riches and honours, which it once did love,
The Soule now lothes, and ſeekes to dwell above.
Learne Mortals, all falſe pleaſures to contemne,
And treaſures, which the ſoule muſt once condemne:
Seeke rather for the graces of the minde,
Which you your convoy to the Heaven will finde.

Surſum corda.

FINIS.

Study me in thy Prime



The Glasse doth Runne, and Time doth Go,

Death hath his End, I have not so.

Bury Death and weary Time.